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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—December 20, 1975, 50 cents

Barbarous Parliament

Paul Johnson

Undecided Now — *The Editors*
Daley's Chicago — *James Hoge*
FCC Cover-up — *Eliot Marshall*
Haydnfest — *Martin Mayer*
Joseph Schumpeter — *Ronald Berman*

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TRB

from Washington
December 20, 1975

The Woodwork Vote

It is suite 3178 of the Hilton Hotel, at 2:30, with 24 waiting reporters in a semicircle and half a dozen SS men, for this presidential candidate has already been shot once and is a paraplegic with no sensation below the waist. Bland hotel pictures, TV cabinet, deep-piled green carpet, mobile bar, flame flickering under a chafing dish . . . And as we wait I remember. This is the man who could stir hate and menace and grievance and resentment and rage, and unleash the darkest passions of the American soul beyond any other speaker in America. Can he still?

"Let it be known here—now—and from this day on," cried Sen. McIntyre on the floor of the Senate last June 5, "that Tom McIntyre finds the serious consideration of George Wallace for President of the United States incredible and appalling!"

And now he is a candidate, the best-financed one in the field, some think, with support that the polls don't measure. "Forget the polls," says a politician, "Wallace supporters keep it secret; they're from unions, chambers of commerce, nice old ladies, young punks; it doesn't show in statistics." Exactly; it's a gut reaction; the woodwork vote. Not enough to win an election maybe but enough to throw it off balance; perhaps into the House.

He met Lurleen when she was 16, a dime-store clerk, and he was a highway department truck driver with a law degree, waiting to get the war behind him for the only two things that ever mattered, politics and power. He was on bombing runs against Japan as air corps sergeant, and reporters still note his dislike of flying: Wayne Morse in the *Congressional Record*, September 5, 1963, quoted from "official records" that "in December, 1946 (Wallace) was granted service-connected disability (pension) for psychoneurosis, for which an evaluation of 10 percent was assigned."

He was beaten for governor of Alabama by a segregationist in 1958 and exclaimed, "They out-niggered me; I'm never going to be out-niggered again." The next election he called an opponent "an integrating, scallywagging, carpet-bagging, race-mixing, bald-face liar." They loved it. He posed as the martyr-resister to integration "even to the point of standing in the courthouse door in person." They ate it up. But as governor he could only serve one term by law. So in 1966 he ran his loyal, patient wife Lurleen, mother of four, for governor: "She ain't all that sharp, but she can take care of herself"—and moved back into the governor's office. It was a smart trick. Everyone chuckled. She died, May, 1968 of cancer. He remarried and is governor again, till 1979 . . .

As I sat there in the hotel waiting, watching the flame under the chafing dish, other meetings came back. That one at Hagerstown (at the Sears store and the Acme market), where the black hecklers chanted "Go home, go home, go home!" and were knocked on the head; that one at Norfolk, where the minister asked us to vote for Wallace in the name of Jesus; that one at Madison Square Garden (or was it the Philadelphia Arena, or Cobo Hall, Detroit?) where his vice presidential running mate Gen. Curtis LeMay ("bomb them into the Stone Age") spoke first, and then he came on to deride the hecklers and to rouse his supporters to frenzy.

Wallace needs hecklers to rouse the crowd. He comes on out with boxer's steps as when he was twice light-weight champion of Alabama, and quick, darting eyes that size up things in a moment. The tension builds, the noise mounts, it is impossible to understand what is said but his voice over loud speakers is like a bugle, reverberant, spine-tingling.

He is the smallest one on the platform, five-foot-seven, maybe 140 pounds, with grotesque face and prominent arched eyebrows, looking like an elf. He has a vital, poisonous glee. Every crackerbarrel store had one like him in the old days, who confounded city slickers with devilish drawl and colloquialism and ridicule. Are we soft on crime?—"the thug who knocks yuh on the head is out of jail before yuh git to the hospital, and on Monday they fire the policeman"; his target the intellectuals or, (if no hecklers appear) the 50 reporters below his platform. He taunts them to the crowd—"they are sneering at us" he tells the audience, "they despise you and me with their pointy heads!—why, they are so dumb themselves they don't even know how to park a bicycle straight." Roars of laughter.

He enjoys mispronouncing words; it is part of his role as untutored yokel: "An-ARK-ist," he says, with accent on second syllable, or "suave" pronounced in two syllables—"sua-vay." He is in complete communication with the crowd, the rapt, cheering people—people feeling he is their spokesman against government, communism, degeneracy, the rich and blacks.

He was shot May 15, 1972 at Laurel, Maryland, by Arthur Bremer, 24, who had total assets of $200, and had followed Wallace around the country, and is now serving 53 years. How did Bremer know Wallace would be in Laurel? The present Mrs. Wallace (black-haired Cornelia) told a reporter recently she suspects a plot; Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt, she recalled, told a Senate committee that White House Special Counsel Charles W. Colson asked him to break into Bremer's apartment to see if he acted alone; then later called Hunt to say the break-in wasn't necessary. She wants truth serum given Bremer "to open him up."

Now suddenly there's a stir in the hotel room and they wheel Wallace in. He gives that quick darting glance and begins answering questions in his old role of innocence, "Why so much attention? I'm flattered." He wears well-cut gray tweeds, dark-figured tie, ring on fourth finger of either hand, cuff links, flesh-toned hearing aid and he cups his ear and tells a woman, "I don't hear good, honey."

This is the Wallace who on March 3 told visiting German journalists, "The German people were mistreated after World War I . . . I think we were fighting the wrong people, maybe, in World War II . . ."

Now he is running again—against government spending, permissiveness, pornography, filth, crime, taxes, letting the super-rich go free. "This country," he says, "has got to have some shaking up—a spiritual awakening." That's the appeal to the woodwork vote. He adds poignantly, "I'm stronger in the shoulders and arms than I ever was."

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Undecided Now

During the decade that Indochina dominated American political life, the Democratic party became progressively factionalized, with two wings of the party institutionalizing themselves and growing further apart with each skirmish. Indochina has faded, and without the war as the issue by which to measure candidates and as a stimulus to involvement, there is lethargy and there is drift on the party's left.

Over the next few months, most observers expect the nominating contest to run through two stages, an early winnowing of the dozen active or announced candidates, followed by a contest between the two dominant wings of the party over which will ultimately name the nominee. Last week, the liberal or reform faction of the party—the McCarthy-Kennedy-McGovern wing—made an attempt to sort out its options in preparation for two early and important primaries, New York (April 6) and Massachusetts (March 2). In those states organized groups of party activists recently held endorsement assemblies intended to begin narrowing the field.

Given a choice in 1972 from a field that included John Lindsay, Eugene McCarthy, Shirley Chisholm and George McGovern, the activists endorsed McGovern and provided him with the troops, the mailing lists, and the organizational and financial resources of the peace movement. This year's results reflect important differences in the political mood in America. Told to choose from among Birch Bayh, Morris Udall, Fred Harris, Milton Shapp, Jimmy Carter and Sargent Shriver, the delegates picked no one.

In New York, where the primary has been moved up to April from late June, the endorsement at stake was that of the New Democratic Coalition (NDC), a group that has evolved from a loose alliance of antiwar, pro-civil rights activists to a permanently organized faction of the state Democratic party, its strength concentrated in and around New York City. To maximize its influence as a counterweight to New York's regular Democratic organization, NDC has a strong tradition of picking its candidate early—for governor, mayor, or President—then has tried to unify its members and clubs behind the person endorsed.

This year, the impulse to endorse was especially keen. For the first time in NDC's history, the regular Democratic organization is headed by an incumbent governor, Hugh Carey, a man believed to have

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presidential ambitions of his own. In the week before the NDC meeting, Carey confirmed his intention to run slates of uncommitted delegates in all of New York's 39 congressional districts; "Empire Slates for the Empire State," he called them. Then, too, Sen. Henry Jackson is expected to run well especially in some of the heavily Jewish districts, places where liberals are accustomed to winning. Finally New York's primary falls into a "loophole" in the Democratic party's proportional representation rule, which means that district-by-district, winner-take-all is possible. Thus, if the liberal votes are divided among several candidates, Carey's slates or Jackson's will surely prevail.

Four candidates—Bayh, Udall, Harris and Shapp—competed for the NDC endorsement, none so actively as Bayh, whose support by Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams made him the frontrunner. Harris was in second place, trailed by Udall, who seemed to draw support from the same pool as Bayh, then Shapp. After six ballots, the NDC assembly automatically adjourned, deadlocked at 59.947 percent for Bayh, a fraction short of the 60 percent legally required for endorsement.

Bayh, of course, claims a moral victory, but each of the others gains a practical advantage, since the NDC's failure to anoint anyone will enable each candidate to lay claim to a share of NDC's organizational resources in the race for New York's 274 delegates.

If all the liberals actually go forward and file separate slates in New York, thereby splintering their natural base, Henry Jackson and Hugh Carey will have carried the day at NDC.

One day later at a statewide Massachusetts citizens' caucus, the members of Citizens for Participation in Political Action (CPPAX) demonstrated even less unity. After endorsing McGovern in 1972, this group banded together to help him win more than 50 percent of the primary vote and nearly total control of the state's national convention delegation. This year, no one came close to the two-thirds vote needed for endorsement, with Fred Harris polling 39 percent, Mo Udall 26 percent, and Frank Church 24 percent. Local Church supporters hoped to tempt the Idaho senator into active contention with a strong showing of support at CPPAX, and Church himself accommodated that plan with a couple of timely appearances in Massachusetts. The NDC frontrunner, Birch Bayh, finished well down the CPPAX balloting with only four percent; but this poor showing reflected an organizational squabble and should not be taken as an accurate indication of Bayh's strength among Bay State liberals.

These political events in New York and Massachusetts are not representative samplings of opinions held generally by the state's electorates. But in one sense, the results are more important than public opinion polls because they tell much about the state of mind of the activist grassroots party workers. These people generally decide early, then devote time and money to presidential politics. In the past, they were the ones most likely to wind up on presidential delegate slates. The non-endorsements produced by the CPPAX and NDC assemblies in this case buttress the results of inconclusive opinion polls, which consistently show the dozen declared or active candidates trailing the standbys—Kennedy and Humphrey, sometimes even Muskie.

We are now only one month away from the first precinct caucuses in Iowa, where the nominating process begins for real. Some sorting out must take place soon. It will either occur because Democratic liberals make an active, positive choice for a single candidate, or because one candidate after another falls by the wayside, a victim of muddled results and the financial strain of running a national campaign.

With Indochina no longer an issue, there is no glue to hold the liberals together and presidential choices must be made on more tenuous and complex grounds. The delegates at the CPPAX and NDC assemblies were written, phoned, visited and cajoled by the presidential candidates themselves. Speaking to his deadlocked colleagues in the auditorium of a high school in lower Manhattan, one NDC delegate proclaimed, "I've shaken hands with Birch Bayh three times, Fred Harris twice, and Mo Udall once." If that was an argument it wasn't persuasive. They decided to leave it up to Iowa.

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Safe Seats

Although the Constitution prescribed a two-year term for members of the House of Representatives and anticipated frequent turnover in the office, these days election to the House often marks the beginning of a lifetime job. The advantages of incumbency, always enormous, are increasing.

In Massachusetts from 1960 to 1974, there were 93 races in which representatives sought reelection. In 88 of these, the incumbents won, a rate of 94.6 percent. Of the five who were defeated, three lost in the general elections, two in the primaries. In the other states, the rate of reelection is considerably higher. Nationally, in 1968, of 404 incumbents who ran for reelection, only eight were defeated in primaries or general elections.

Incumbent representatives have built-in advantages that no challenger can hope to equal: a staff of 18 (not to mention committee employees, who often function as personal staff), free mailing privileges, cut-rate stationery, free office space, travel and communications money, computer time, access to inside information, etc. Most maintain one, two or three offices in their districts to service constituents. Each problem solved, by these offices, each inquiry answered, means one more voter with concrete reasons to be loyal.

A congressman gets his name in the papers and on television simply by announcing a project that some executive agency has decided to put in his district. Many other opportunities are available for creating news and keeping the incumbent's name before the public. Many congressmen maintain regular radio and TV contact with their district by using studio facilities provided by the House. The entire package of benefits that popularize a congressman's name and activities throughout his district has been conservatively estimated to be worth at least $500,000 per year. To be sure this package also includes services to the citizenry, but it is difficult to separate the functions of office from political benefits accruing to the incumbent.

How can a challenger cope with this array of political tools? Generally he can't. Only rarely does a new constituency combine with an emotional issue to generate the energy and money necessary to unseat an incumbent. The victory of Robert F. Drinan in 1970 in Massachusetts' 4th Congressional District against a long-entrenched Democrat, is a good example. The Drinan campaign rallied a devoted anti-Vietnam war constituency willing and able to spend a lot of money and thousands of hours in the campaign. The money is crucial because the complexities of modern campaigning require the services of lawyers, accountants, bookkeepers, media experts, mail specialists, pollsters, press secretaries, canvassers, etc., most of whom have to be paid, and all of whom have to be supplied with materials.

The Federal Election Campaign Act amendments of 1974 set spending limits for representatives at $70,000 for the general election plus $14,000 for fund raising and $84,000 for the primary election. Both challenger and incumbent have the same ceiling. If the challenger is from the opposition party he is more apt to have opposition in the primary: two-thirds of incumbents run unopposed in their own parties; two-thirds of the challengers have primary opposition. Yet the new 1974 law allows the incumbent to spend the $84,000 on campaign organization in the primary, even if he has no competition. Thus, in most contests, the incumbent will have twice as much to spend in the general election as the challenger, who will have spent his primary election allotment defeating rivals for the nomination.

But challengers need much more money than incumbents if they are to have any chance. Most challengers have little or no name recognition in the district; if five percent of the electorate recognizes a challenger's name he's lucky. The first problem is simply to get the name across; the second to reach the voters with some ideas on issues; the third is to dramatize the shortcomings of the incumbent. It is almost impossible for a challenger to do these things well under the limits of the campaign finance law.

The concept of free and open elections is undermined by the disparity in resources between challenger and incumbent. The disparity, moreover, tends to increase reliance upon media manipulation. Why should an incumbent debate issues with a challenger if he can overwhelm him in an avalanche of mailings and media?

There are several ways to redress the balance, one of which might be to limit the number of terms a representative can serve. But one thing is clear: the new campaign financing law, which was meant to protect the democratic process, has, in the limits set on spending, further diminished it.

Jerome Grossman

Mr. Grossman is Democratic National Committeeman from Massachusetts.

Staff Addition

Ken Bode joins our staff this week as political editor for 1976 covering presidential politics from the first primaries through the general election next November. A long-time contributor to *The New Republic*, Bode is the former director of the Center for Political Reform. He was research director of the rules commission set up by the Democratic party following its 1968 convention and recently he completed a book-length study (for the Twentieth Century Fund) of the nominating process in presidential elections. Political articles by Mr. Bode and by contributing editor Paul R. Wieck will appear frequently as the campaign progresses.

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A Dry Hole?

FCC Cover-up

In February 1969 the Federal Communications Commission began a major investigation into the ownership of TV and radio stations by conglomerates—companies with more than one line of business. The FCC was under considerable pressure from its overseers in Congress at the time to come up with data on a subject that was much in the news and to find out whether industries were using their broadcast stations to push products made by other subsidiaries. The goal was to formulate new rules for conglomerate broadcasters and help Congress write new legislation, if necessary. Last June, after six years of work, the FCC ended its conglomerate study. In a curt, one-page notice, the FCC put the case to rest without publishing a single detail of what the investigators had found. "While the study developed factual data of interest and value to the commission," the FCC explained, "that data [sic] did not establish a need to continue the inquiry or a need to adopt rules which would treat 'conglomerate' companies in a manner different from other corporate licensees. Thus, we are hereby terminating the proceedings . . . and eliminating the reporting requirements created therein." That was all the public learned. The FCC at first refused to make public the report of the conglomerate task force, and today the report's recommendations are still confidential.

While the findings may indeed be of little use to the FCC, it would still be interesting to know what they were. Newspaper and broadcast reporters haven't paid much attention to the probe, but a couple of public interest groups that watch the FCC have. The National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting is the chief watcher, along with its legal adviser, the Citizens Communications Center. (They follow the Ralph Nader method of "public interest" litigation, but neither could induce Nader to lend public support, according to one attorney, because Nader didn't want to risk offending media owners.) When the FCC issued its one-page notice ending the conglomerate study, the NCCB asked to see what the investigators had actually turned up in their six years of work. In the November 17 issue of the NCCB journal, *Access*, the citizens group also laid out the history of the study, claiming that the FCC had been reluctant to start the project in 1969 and had been less than enthusiastic to learn of its findings.

The FCC was pushed into making the inquiry by Congress and by activist commissioners like Nicholas Johnson and Kenneth Cox, both of whom have now left the commission. During some congressional hearings in 1969 the former FCC commissioner Rosel Hyde promised to set aside $250,000 to investigate conglomerates, and that's how the study began. The first installment—a pilot study of six big broadcast conglomerates—ended in early 1970. *The Wall Street Journal* reported at the time that "the study raises questions—troublesome enough to make the FCC expand its inquiry—about the propriety of certain business relationships between broadcasting and nonbroadcasting interests of two of the six concerns, Avco Corp. and E.W. Scripps Co." The *Journal* said the FCC investigators found that Avco tried to convince its subsidiaries to place all their advertising with Avco broadcast stations, and to have its broadcasters give special attention to Avco subsidiaries in news programs. Scripps, the publisher of the Scripps-Howard papers, allegedly set up reciprocal ad deals between its papers and broadcast stations in Cleveland. The *Journal* concluded that "at the least" the inquiry would "probably lead to the adoption of new reporting requirements designed to provide the FCC with more data on broadcasters' nonbroadcast businesses."

Nothing more was heard from the task force until the study was finished in December, 1972. The authors gave the commissioners their report, including a four-page section on "in-house dealings," 30 pages on "practices reflected in internal company communications" and two pages of recommendations. They proposed at least one significant change in FCC procedures to deal with the problem they found—the predictable discovery that conglomerates enjoy a special advantage over their competitors because of their quick, easy and cheap access to advertising on subsidiary broadcast stations. The remedy proposed by the FCC task force is unknown. The FCC considered the report and the recommendations, but decided to do nothing. A year and a half later, in June 1975, the commission closed the book on conglomerates.

Joseph Ryan, a spokesman for the FCC broadcasting bureau, agreed that the commission hadn't moved "with alacrity" on this case, but he didn't think it had been dilatory either. He explained that the commission may have taken a long time to decide what to do about conglomerates because the study had been so sweeping and "broad based." The only tangible benefit he could identify was a proposal made last summer for greater company disclosure on forms filed at the FCC. This change had been in the works for a long time, however.

The NCCB tried and failed to have the FCC release a full copy of the conglomerate report this fall. The FCC, after haggling over the freedom of information law, did agree to make public a portion of the report and some of the data collected by the task force. However, the material was heavily censored—according to FCC lawyers, to protect corporate secrets and the privacy of internal government memos. This is a valid use of censorship, but one suspects that more was at stake in this particular case. For example the commission deleted not only financial and technical data, but the entire two-page list of task force conclusions. Of 34 pages describing in-house conglomerate dealings, only a few scraps of information were left on the record,

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—Socrates

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none of them very significant. Finally the commission seems to have simply "lost" a number of documents collected by the task force, including the bulk of the responses from the Howard Hughes-owned TV station in Las Vegas, KLAS. Ryan had no explanation.

Although there may be no scandal hidden in the files of the FCC, surely there's evidence here of ineptitude and squeamishness in handling a difficult issue. Why was it necessary, if the conglomerate study produced nothing important, to censor its recommendations?

Eliot Marshall

White House Watch
After the Trip

Honolulu

Here in the sun and gentle warmth of Hawaii, after this reporter had left the aircraft that in seven days had hauled him from Washington to Alaska to Tokyo to Peking to Jakarta to Manila and that on the final legs from Manila and Honolulu back to Washington had come to be more like a hospital plane than a press plane, the weariness and mental fog that resulted from so jammed and insanely scheduled a presidential trip began to fade. A clearer understanding of President Ford's purposes and a fairer measure of accomplishment than was possible at the crux of the journey in Peking seemed to emerge. There follows in hindsight summary, some of it trivial and some of it of substantial import, what appears to be most worth noting about the expedition.

Gerald Ford ought to rid himself of the illusion, presumably imparted or at least encouraged by members of a White House staff that has previously been said in this space to be the poorest in a fairly long memory, that he has to justify trips out of the country by complicating them with irrelevant and tiring stops along the way. Traveling in mid-November to an economic summit conference near Paris that the President and the other participants wanted the world to take more seriously than it probably deserved to be taken, Mr. Ford addressed a black university crowd in Durham, North Carolina, and two Republican fund-raising affairs in Durham and Atlanta. On the way to Peking, for what was intended to be and should have been the preeminent foreign affairs event of his brief administration to date, he added to the drain and rigors of the journey for himself and for everyone else in his huge official and media entourage with a side trip in snow and freezing weather to a welding shop and a pumping station along the route of that ecological atrocity, the Alaska oil pipeline. An otherwise unnecessary flight from Fairbanks to Anchorage for a couple of Republican shindigs and an overnight stay completed the initial charade. "Is he tired, Ron?" a reporter asked Press Secretary Ron Nessen in Honolulu. "Probably less so than everybody else on the trip," Nessen answered. "He has the only bed on the plane." Nessen referred to the bed in the President's quarters on Air Force One. In Peking and afterwards, the President and his wife, Betty Ford, looked very tired on several occasions. Mrs. Ford stayed over in Honolulu for some 30 hours after her husband flew on to Washington, keeping for her use the four-jet Boeing 707 that was Richard Nixon's Air Force One before he got the newer and even more sumptuous 707 that Mr. Ford inherited by appointment. Security agents and staff assistants who had been following the President in the older plane debarked from it in Honolulu and found seats for the last jump to Washington in press planes and in the cargo plane that had brought the President's armored limousine and a Secret Service convertible to Jakarta (the Chinese Communists wouldn't let the presidential cars into China). Honolulu newspapers expected Mrs. Ford to attend a Republican fund-raiser after resting awhile and the Republican National Committee in Washington could be billed for the considerable expense of holding the No. 2 presidential plane for her.

Mr. Ford showed himself to be aware in a helpless sort of way of some of the absurdities of presidential travel including the overblown media corps' overblown habits of shopping and shipping the proceeds home in inspection-free press plane cargo holds. "I understand they are laying on a special plane to take back all the things you bought," the President said to a reporter in Jakarta. He was joking, but it wasn't a total joke. One reporter shipped two Chinese bicycles on a press plane. He said he'd declare them and pay any customs duty due. Knowing him, I believed he would. I'd be astounded if some of his journalistic brethren and some of the official freeloaders were as honest. On the flight from Peking to Jakarta White House transportation director Ray Zook begged his friends in the press corps not to dump any more stuff upon him for free and uninspected transport home. He said the cargo holds of two press planes were already crammed to the doors. A third jet was chartered by NBC, CBS and ABC to transport heavy equipment and extra crews to and from China and didn't make the whole circuit.

We continue with the trivia only in order to note a White House situation that concerns the status and effectiveness of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. The situation also involves Press Secretary Nessen, who has been wished well in this space and whose defects of performance have been blamed here more than elsewhere upon the guidance he gets from some of his senior superiors, by implication including President Ford. Events and attitudes observed on this trip drive me to the conclusion that this explanation has been unduly kind to Nessen. It is intolerable that Ron Nessen

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should be kept by the President and—one is bound to assume—knowingly kept by the President in a position to bait, derogate and sneer at Henry Kissinger, in my opinion one of this country's great and creative Secretaries of State, in the way that Nessen has done and by definition has been permitted if not encouraged to do during this journey.

The foregoing observation is based upon two episodes. One of them involved Nessen's reaction to a *Newsweek* report concerning him, Kissinger and Richard Cheney, the young White House staff chief who succeeded Donald Rumsfeld when Rumsfeld became Secretary of Defense. The thrust of the *Newsweek* report was that on Kissinger's personal orders Nessen was denied access to the Asian trip briefing books and that Cheney, when told of this by Nessen, ordered the books given to Nessen and reminded the NSC staff at the White House that Kissinger no longer heads that staff as the President's assistant for national security affairs. Kissinger said the story was an outrageous fabrication and asked why he should give a good goddamn about Ron Nessen's briefing books. Lt. Gen. Brent Scowcroft, Kissinger's former deputy and successor as the President's national security assistant, also denied the story. The point of interest here is not the truth or falsity of the report, but the gloating fashion in which Nessen verified it in Peking and used it to suggest that he is higher in Gerald Ford's estimation and is more secure in his service than Henry Kissinger is.

The other episode followed a briefing that Kissinger gave a small "pool" of reporters aboard Air Force One during a leg of the Asian trip. He knew as he always does that "the senior US official" who is quoted after such briefings would be assumed to be him. Kissinger decided when he saw the text prepared by the pool reporters that it contained some indiscreet language which even if attributed to him only by implication and assumption could harm him, the country and the President. He asked the "poolers" to delete the possibly harmful language and they did. Nessen helped one of the pool reporters revise the text. He then turned upon the pool reporters and denounced them, saying he was amazed that they should be so weak and should grant to Henry Kissinger a favor that they would never grant to Ron Nessen. The practice of the background briefing on presidential planes may be wrong, though I don't think it is. It's arguable that the reporters were wrong in giving in to Kissinger in this instance, although the understanding in such situations is that the official is entitled to choose the words that will be attributed to a government source. However that may be, it most certainly was not the function, the place, the duty of the President's press secretary to object to deletions and to denounce reporters for agreeing to make deletions that were in part intended to protect the President. According to reporters who were on the plane at the time, as I was not, it amounted to a display of venom that was shocking in itself and evidence that matters are in sad disarray at the top of the Ford White House.

Nessen apart, the episodes inspire a brief observation about the situation and possible future of Henry Kissinger. Flaws in the conduct of the public aspects of this trip, such as the failure to remind the American press corps in Peking of earlier warnings in Washington that there might not be a communique summarizing the visit, and the failure to provide any official American account whatsoever of President Ford's meeting with Mao Tse-tung, suggested to me that Kissinger must have been strangely absent from or indifferent to the discussions of how to handle these matters. The official story was that Kissinger concurred in both decisions. Maybe so, but one may suspect that he had come to a point where he didn't give a hoot and passively left the business to the President's staff claque. After Kissinger's White House title and status were removed, I wrote that it was inconceivable that he would either remain into another term if Gerald Ford were elected next year or that he would do the country and Mr. Ford the disservice of quitting before the present term ends. When Kissinger was told later that this had been written about him, he replied that a man in public life has to keep his options open.

President Ford in Honolulu, on the 34th anniversary almost to the minute of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, tried to define the purposes of his trip and the essence of what he five times called "a new Pacific doctrine" and "our new Pacific policy." It was too bad that he loaded his speech with the words "new" and "doctrine" when it was neither. But there was nothing wrong, there was some value in restating such familiar truisms as that "American strength is basic to any stable balance of power in the Pacific," that "the partnership of Japan is a pillar of our strategy," and that "the normalization of relations with the People's Republic of China" continues to be the eventual objective that it's been since Richard Nixon visited Peking in 1972. The assertion, repeated to the point of stridency, that the US is "a nation of the Pacific Basin" and continues to be "a Pacific power" reflected a very real anxiety in the wake of the collapse of the entire US position and policy in Indochina that the peoples and governments of Asia might conclude that the US was no longer a dependable power and partner there or anywhere else. The President's homeward stops in Jakarta and Manila and particularly in the Philippines, where US air and naval bases constitute not only our forward military position in the Pacific but a strategic approach to the Indian Ocean, were intended to signal and further a beginning effort to rebuild among the non-Communist countries of southeast Asia a modified and less abrasive substitute for the position lost in Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos.

The chief flaw of the Honolulu speech, apart from the President's flat and weary delivery, was simply that it was an inferior rewrite and adaptation of a much

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better and more forceful address that Henry Kissinger had delivered in Detroit on November 24. Some of the President's language and all of the central points appeared in the Kissinger speech, to distinctly better effect than they did after the President's personal staff prettied them up. Quoting Kissinger: "The United States is a Pacific power. No region is of greater importance to us . . . The security interests of all the great world powers intersect in Asia. Japan, China, the Soviet Union and the United States have important stakes in the region; all would be affected by any major conflict there . . . Thus, *throughout the first half of this decade* (emphasis added) we have sought to fashion a new Asian policy—a policy that gradually reduced our military presence and aimed, instead, at augmenting the strength and vitality of our allies." Here was acknowledgment that Kissinger's "new Asian policy" and Mr. Ford's "new Pacific doctrine" dated back into the Nixon time, a point that the President didn't conceal but didn't emphasize, either. Kissinger also acknowledged, with a frankness never equalled by the President on the trip, the "widespread initial apprehension" that the Indo-China disaster "might signal—or, precipitate—a general American retreat from Asia and even from global responsibilities." A major purpose of the President's journey was to allay what remained of that apprehension in Asia.

Two other points that the President got at in his summary speech were made more clearly and more forcefully by Kissinger in his November 24 speech and at a Peking press conference. One of them is that the US is edging, not as fast as the Chinese Communists would like but still edging, toward severing its diplomatic relationship with and defense commitment to the Taiwan government while maintaining commercial and other sub-official ties with it. The other point is that the US government may be closer than most people are aware to rearrangement of its ties with and relationship to South Korea. Kissinger said: "We are ready to talk to any interested country—including North Korea—about the future of Korea, provided only that South Korea is present."

John Osborne

The Civilized Countries *v.* a UN Majority

Barbarous Parliament

by Paul Johnson

The recent votes at the United Nations—first in the UN Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee, more recently in the General Assembly—that sought to stigmatize Zionism as a racist ideology, and Israel as a racist and imperialist state—have at least served one useful purpose. The voting lists enable us to draw a clear and decisive line between the civilized and the noncivilized states that compose the world organization. It is true that some civilized states, for a variety of political, military and economic reasons, lacked the courage to vote "no" and took refuge in abstention—just as, for instance, in the Second World War, Sweden and Switzerland were too terrified of Hitler to declare themselves against him.

In general, however, the head-count of nations was wholly accurate and casts a penetrating beam of light across the world political landscape. On Israel's side were the chief repositories of civilized culture: states—including it should be clear Third World states—that uphold and support the rule of law; where there is freedom of the press, speech and public assembly; where representative parliaments are freely elected by secret ballot, in a multi-party system; where governments are dismissed by votes, not force; where the armed forces are the servants of the civil power, not its masters; and where the citizen feels that he can play some part in running his country.

Voting against Israel, using all the resources of the massive doublespeak and non-think vernacular, was the entire alliance of the barbarous states, what can accurately be called a *pandemonium* of powers. Here were to be found Soviet Russia, the world's most efficient tyranny, and its dutiful cohort of East European colonies: nations, once civilized, held in abject subservience by political police and their concentration camps, backed by the threat of Soviet tanks and missiles. And here, too, was the Arab-Moslem bloc: all its members

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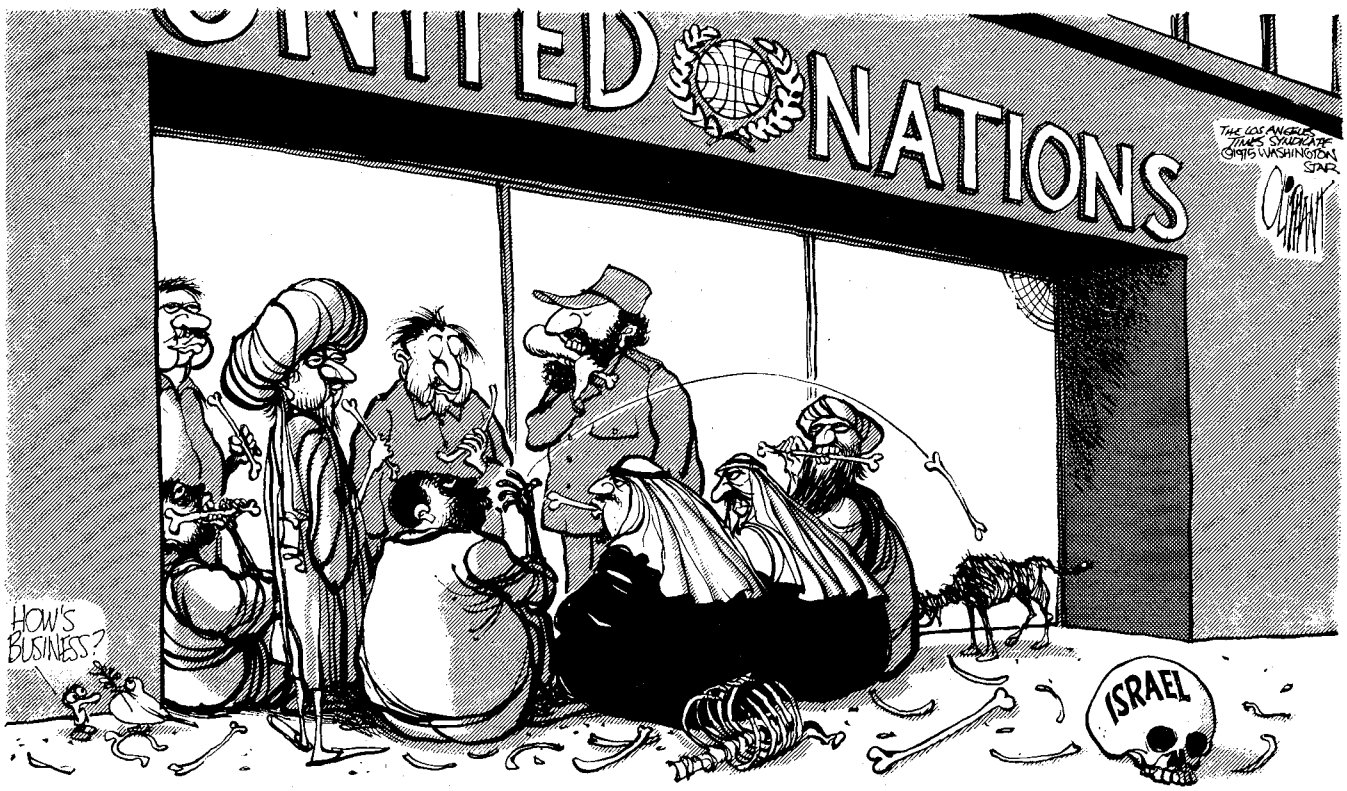
one-party military dictatorships, police states or feudal monarchies of unspeakable degradation—the one exception, Lebanon, torn to bloody pieces by uncontrollable civil war. Joining these two foci of barbarism were a multitude of new recruits from Africa and Asia: former colonies ruthlessly turned into Soviet-or China-style one-party regimes, with a full panoply of secret police, torture-dungeons, camps, execution-centers and mass, unmarked burial-grounds; or, alternatively, those which had quickly degenerated into pre-colonial tribal kingdoms, ruled by savages, jovial or brutal according to their mood, exercising arbitrary justice over a terrified populace.

Consider some of the outstanding figures in this motley coalition of antidemocratic regimes, who took it upon themselves to condemn Israel as racist and imperialist. Leonid Brezhnev, for instance, the party machine-boss who personally directed the occupation of civilized Czechoslovakia by Soviet tanks, and who had its legal premier, Dubček, dragged before him like a recaptured slave in an oriental despotism, to listen to his jeers and insults. Or Gaddafi, the military dictator of Libya, whose delight in terrorist violence is such that he freely supplies arms to both Protestant and Catholic factions in Ulster. Or, perhaps most notable of all, "Field Marshal" Amin of Uganda, the ferocious—perhaps demented—former sergeant, whose tribal warriors have slaughtered many thousands of his compatriots, and who himself is said to have supervised the beating to death of the Uganda Lord Chief Justice for daring to defy his edicts in court. Amin, though feared by some African leaders, indeed disdained by the best of them, is not without honor in his own continent, since he was recently elected chairman of the Organization of African Unity, and presided uproariously over their weird festivities in Kampala.

What made the condemnation of Israel by this confederation so uniquely gruesome was that, with few exceptions, all practice blatant forms of racist or collective inhumanity. Soviet anti-Semitism, masquerading as anti-Zionism, is notorious; but the central Soviet state systematically persecutes more than a score of minority groups in its vast empire, solely on grounds of race. Iraq, often the raucous leader of the Arab pack against Israel, has recently expelled, with the utmost callousness and brutality, more than 300,000 Kurds, whose only crime against the dominant Arab race was their ethnic origins and ancient culture. Nor must we forget—it is too often forgotten—that the Arab states collectively, from Morocco to Iraq—have dispossessed, over the past 20 years, more than 500,000 Jews, from enclaves in which they have lived often for nearly two millenia, since before the Arabs came. These half-million victims of Arab racist persecution, perhaps more numerous, if the truth could be finally established, than the Palestinian Arabs allegedly "forced out" during the struggles of 1947-8, have all been quietly and successfully absorbed in the Israeli state, without the need for appeals to international money and sympathy.

As for the African states that so glibly lined themselves against Israeli "racism," it is hard to think of one that does not practice forms of mass discrimination. Some have expelled or persecuted white and Indian minorities, stealing their property, as Hitler once robbed the Jews, or reducing them by legal *diktat* to



The Cannibals

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the rank of second-class citizens. In other states, such as the Sudan—once, under the Anglo-Egyptian condominium, a multiracial society where all were equal before the law—the dominant Arab element has persecuted the blacks of the Upper Nile, has murdered them in their thousands using modern jet aircraft supplied by the Soviet Union, and still subjects them to a variety of legal and administrative disabilities. This is a common pattern in African states where Arabs have the upper hand—as, indeed, they had in the 19th century, until Britain and then France destroyed African slavery. More common, more insidious and usually still more cruel and reprehensible, is the intertribal persecution that is the hallmark of many African states, especially in central Africa. The existence of tribal paramountcies, with the consequent racist bullying of weaker or less well armed tribes, is known to UN officials; but such facts are not allowed to rob the strutting representatives of these states at the UN of the right to cast their votes against Israeli "racism." That is not the way the UN works.

Nor are these varieties of racism confined to Africa. In Indonesia, for instance, and to some extent in other Asian states, there has been, for many years, systematic racist persecution of the Chinese trading communities. Even in imperial times the Chinese sometimes faced trouble in these parts; in Dutch territories, they were discriminated against by law. But their position today is in all respects infinitely worse; for they are subject to sudden and unpredictable pogroms, in which their lives are taken and property confiscated—without the possibility of recourse to the courts—just as, in Tsarist times, the Russian Jews were at the mercy of marauding Cossack bands. Such Chinese minorities are tolerated, if at all, solely because the internal economies of these ill-administered countries simply cannot function without a measure of Chinese skill and industry.

Finally let us not forget that the worst form of racism is slavery itself, invariably practiced against the most defenseless and primitive African communities. The one remaining world center of slavery, as abundant evidence testifies, is the Arab Middle East; and the chief offender in this area is Saudi Arabia, richest of all the oil states, paymaster of Arab aggression and terrorism against Israel, ringleader of the movement to brand Israel as racist, and whose UN representative, the unctuous Mr. Baroodi, sets the record, even by United Nations standards, for humbugging hypocrisy.

So much for the UN votes against Israel. They can carry no weight whatsoever. They have no effectiveness. As I say, they even have the merit of demonstrating that the civilized world has aligned itself with Israel's right to independence and freedom. Yet they cannot be ignored either, for in some respects they demonstrate a marked and perhaps irreversible declension in the moral authority and practical effectiveness of the United Nations. History may come to see them, as for instance it now sees the Nazi reoccupation and militarization of the Rhineland, as a watershed in the political landscape, a point from which there could be no return to the past. For Israel and the United Nations have always had a special relationship. It was UN recognition, almost as much as the struggles of the Palestine Jews themselves, that brought the Israeli state into being. Indeed, without UN endorsement and moral and political support, it is at least arguable that the Zionist state might not have survived. Israel could be termed the first born of the United Nations, the first former colonial state brought into fully independent existence within the context of the UN concept of international law. Or, to vary the metaphor, if the UN cannot claim to be the father of Israel, it has a case for claiming to be the midwife. Moreover, and even more important, the creation of Israel, and its recognition by the UN, set the pattern for post-colonial development. Israel was the prototype for many scores of new states, brought into being with UN encouragement and moral support, and rapidly granted the membership and privileges of the organization. Israel's part in this continuing process has been by no means passive. No other state, certainly no other state of its size and resources, has tried to do more to assist the new countries of the Third World, both in the preparatory period before independence, and in the difficult years of autonomous existence. Israel has always been conscious of its anti-colonial and post-colonial origins, and has felt a special sympathy—demonstrated in practical terms—for those undergoing the same process of self-creation.

Israel has also tried to help the new states in what ought to be the most effective manner: by example. There are a great many things wrong with Israel, as the Israelis—surely the most self-critical people on earth—are the first to point out. But on all the things that really matter, it is a model to any neophyte country. Despite all Israel's troubles, it has remained a social democracy, perhaps the nearest approach to a free Socialist state in the world; its people and government have a profound respect for human life, so passionate indeed that, despite every conceivable provocation, they have refused for a quarter of a century to execute a single captured terrorist. No country certainly takes greater pains to avoid the civilian populace in warfare. They also have an ancient but vigorous culture, and a flourishing modern technology. The combination of national qualities they have assembled in their brief existence as a state ought to point the way for many other new members of the UN.

There is a third manner in which Israel and the UN have, or ought to have, a special relationship, which arises not only from Israel's origins, but from the UN's own. For the organization came into being not as a world assembly but as an alliance of free states against the Hitlerian tyranny. As such, it was flawed from the

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start, since the sheer necessity of survival forced the Western democracies into a military pact with the Soviet Union based on nothing more morally substantial than *Realpolitik*. All the same, the fact remains that the UN, initially a British concept, came into existence as an instrument for fighting the racist terror of Hitler. It was, within its limitations, an expression of human brotherhood and equality, and the victims of Hitlerism were to be seen as entitled to its special regard and protection. Hitler was a racist aggressor of unparalleled ferocity. He killed five percent of the population of Poland; more than 10 percent of the varied peoples of Yugoslavia. But in the case of the Jews, he killed more than one in three of their total global population. For this reason, if for this reason alone, the Jews have a historical and moral right, above that of any other people, to enlist the support and sustenance of the UN both as an institution and a collection of nations. And it was this historical and moral right, I think, that undoubtedly played a part in giving the new state of Israel the rapid recognition that helped it to survive.

In view of all these reasons, we can now grasp the full moral enormity of the votes against Israel. They amount not merely to a blatant defiance of truth and reality—for all know that Israel, far from being "a threat to world peace," stands in perpetual danger of extermination by its neighbors—but to a complete and total repudiation of the UN past. Everything for which the UN was originally created, everything for which, at its best, it has stood in the years of its existence, was denied by these barbarous majorities. The UN building still glitters above the East River. Its officials and delegates still scurry about in varying postures of self-importance. But the truth is, at the moment when the General Assembly branded Israel as a racist state, the organization lost its ethical heart, and its moral justification for existing at all. How Hitler would have laughed! How Stalin, permitting himself one of his rare and Arctic smiles, would have rubbed his hands! These two monsters would have joined in self-congratulation that the instrument of international probity should prove so vulnerable to assault, and so easy to capture by men like themselves.

The UN fell to a fatal combination of two forces: Soviet diplomacy and Arab oil money. Neither, in itself, was powerful enough to bring the edifice down. The diplomatic resources of the Soviet empire—the last, now that the Portuguese has gone, of the great 19th-century style empires—are considerable, taken in conjunction with the fact that it can control the votes of certain client states it arms or those it effectively occupies. Yet Russia alone has never been able to swing more than a third of the General Assembly behind itself. The alliance with the Arabs did the trick. For since the Yom Kippur war, and the revolution in oil prices, the Arab states can, in effect, purchase the votes of a score of countries, and the silence (or abstention) of a dozen more. Oil has proved the great corrupter of the human race. There is a passage in Golda Meir's recent autobiography that struck me as symptomatic of our age. She attended the meeting of the Socialist International following the Yom Kippur war, during which several states with Socialist governments had taken deliberate steps that might have led to the total defeat of the Israeli forces, and the consequent destruction of the Israeli people. She asked the assembled Socialist leaders—some of them prime ministers—whether such behavior toward a fellow-Socialist state was justifiable. No one answered. Then, she relates, someone behind her said: "Of course they can't talk. Their throats are choked with oil."

The UN itself is choked with oil. Though it does not even pay its share of costs for Palestine refugees—the US bears the burden here as in everything else at the UN—Arab oil money has turned the organization into one of the most corrupt and corrupting creations in the whole history of human institutions. The decisive moment came, I believe, when it agreed to provide a form of recognition to Yasir Arafat and his terrorist organization. At this point the UN, by its own action, repudiated its primal principle that disputes should be settled by negotiations and not by force. The PLO gets the point, too: every indication of international sanction has been followed by some death-happening at terrorist hands. For the Arafat organization, and its backers in the Arab and Soviet worlds, most emphatically do not believe in negotiations; they put their entire trust in force. Arafat's gang has no mode of operation other than the exercise of violence, usually against the innocent and defenseless. Recently Arafat's so-called "foreign minister" made the objects, intentions and methods of his organization brutally clear in an interview with *Newsweek*. Much of what he said, of course, was merely the violent rodomontade of a racist street-corner orator: "Any Arab state is more democratic than Israel by definition . . . Even Saudi Arabia." But much of what he said has to be taken as a serious statement of intentions that will actually be carried out if he and his colleagues and backers ever get the chance. He flatly denied the right of the Israeli people to have a state of their own, irrespective of any frontier concessions: "In time they will have to accept it." "We have," he said, "no alternative but to fight and you can expect we will escalate our activities . . . We have become good warriors and we are fond of it." He offered the Israelis the alternative of total political surrender, or a war to destruction: "If they choose the latter, they will surely die and we will surely win." And he concluded with a boast: "We grow stronger every day. My Arabs are getting billions of petroleum dollars. The future is mine, so why should I worry?"

"The future is ours" was a favorite expression of Hitler's when he spoke to the German people. His future ended in a burning bunker below the burning streets of his capital. Where will Mr. Arafat's future

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end? Or, a much more important question, what future is there for the United Nations itself? There are already a growing number of people in the West, especially in the United States, who wish to withdraw from the UN entirely. The whole squalid circus would then be sent packing from New York and, with the withdrawal of US financial support, the organization would rapidly become—and be seen by everyone to have become—a Soviet-Arab rump, devoid even of the pretense of world authority. This is one possible solution, and we may well come to it.

On the other hand, there are those who argue that the UN still has useful services to perform, and that its moral imperfections are by no means so incurable as is often supposed. They claim, with circumstantial detail, that the two votes against Israel were lost, at least in part, through the ineptitude of Western diplomacy within the building, and in particular by the unskillfulness of the US delegation. We have, of course, heard this argument before. More to the point is that Ambassador Moynihan insists on speaking truth, which is a rare occurrence—and it does not please his superiors, who are themselves tilting toward the terrorists, now casually relabeled "moderates." But there is one factor in the situation that is itself an indictment of the UN: the unwillingness of first-rate Western diplomats to serve, at any rate for long, in what they regard as its fetid moral atmosphere and its ambiance of cynical horsetrading and actual financial corruption.

My own instinct, at this stage, is to advise a middle course. Certain UN agencies, especially the World Health Organization and the Food and Agricultural Organization, should be strongly supported; they do work that is always useful, and often indispensable (it is characteristic of the Soviet government, which regularly comes with its grain begging-bowl to the United States, Canada and Australia, that it refuses to have anything to do with the FAO—one reason the body functions so effectively). On the other hand support should be immediately withdrawn from UNESCO, an agency whose value has always been dubious (I write as a former member of the British Commission for UNESCO) and which has now, in effect, been captured by a combination of Arab oil cash and Communist-Marxist diplomacy. At the UN itself, the Western democracies should retain a watching brief. They must continue to block further Communist-Arab attempts to debauch the organization, but they must be prepared, if the situation grows still worse—as I fear it will—to leave altogether.

In the meantime there is a case for preparing an alternative organization of civilized nations, which will impose clear and compulsory qualifications for membership: respect for the rule of law, both national and international; democratic institutions that function effectively; freedom of speech, religion and the press; and equality of all races and creeds before the law. I do not think problems of definition will prove too obdurate. We all know a free and civilized country when we see and visit it. Such an organization would be a beacon of light to oppressed and fearful people all over the world. It would be, in the first place, a defensive organization, designed to protect its peoples from the scourge of international terrorism, now, in my opinion, a greater threat to the peace and future of the world than the risk of thermonuclear war, or the supposed depletion of our natural resources. For terrorism has become the reflex outlet of just about every grievance, great or small, real or imagined and also the vicarious experiment of cowards.

But I do not think such a league of civilized powers should be content with a role of passive defense. I recall a noble passage spoken by W.E. Gladstone in 1881, when the gunmen were first getting their deathly grip on Ireland: "If it shall appear that there is still to be fought a final conflict in Ireland between law on the one side and sheer lawlessness on the other . . . then I say, gentlemen, without hesitation, the resources of civilization against its enemies are not yet exhausted." Nor are they exhausted today. It is time for us to remind ourselves that we still have the power, even if we sometimes appear to lack the will, to seize the enemies of civilization by the throat. For too long—for a quarter of a century, in fact—Western civilization, even accounting for its considerable cruelties, has behaved toward the rest of the world with an imbecile combination of unnecessary guilt and misplaced generosity. We have given aid and comfort and received, on the whole, little but abuse and violence. We have not won the friendship of the world beyond; we have simply forfeited its respect. Isn't it odd that the United States, which in Vietnam and Chile could be so brazen in its criminal indecency, should now be so cowardly in hesitating to retrieve the more humane aspects of its tradition—or for that matter to assert its own deepest interests?

Has not the time come to change our strategy? I think that there are many millions of people all over the world, men and women of all races and colors and creeds, living under corrupt tyrannies or ferocious police states, who feel somehow that the West has let them down; that the civilized powers have failed to uphold the standards of international behavior set by their forebears. What these millions are waiting for, and what, needless to say, millions in the West are waiting for, is some positive sign that the Western countries are determined to revert to the principles of law and international decency; that they are going to uphold them in the most systematic, relentless and comprehensive manner. We must show that the resources of civilization are not, indeed, exhausted, and that the Brezhnevs and the Maos, the Amins, the Gaddafis and the Arafats will not be allowed to inherit the earth.

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Humphrey and Muskie

The Noncandidates

by Paul R. Wieck

"You're going to be recycled," the short expansive man said, as he pointed proudly to a large poster telling the Red Lake Chippewas of northern Minnesota that Chief Leading Feather, "the next President of the United States," would be on hand to dedicate the tribe's handsome, new, red brick community center. Chief Leading Feather, known to the world as Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey did indeed come for the ceremonies and loved every minute of the repartee with chairman Roger Jourdain, who eagerly told a reporter that the last time Humphrey visited the tribe on its northern Minnesota reservation was in 1963. That was the year they made him a chief, an honor that pleased HHH so much he danced with them for hours. The next year he became Vice President. Now, he was back to celebrate the Chippewas' progress and next year, Jourdain said, he'll be elected President.

Humphrey didn't dispute his old friend; in fact, he wants to be President and freely admits the greatest disappointment of his life was his 1968 defeat by his old adversary, Richard Nixon. But life goes on and Humphrey's yearning isn't as obsessive as it once was. Today he'd settle for one more term in the US Senate, something Minnesotans will certainly give him next year.

A week after Humphrey learned he is to be recycled, his 1968 running mate, Sen. Edmund S. Muskie, made his way up the midway of the Skowhegan State Fair in central Maine. He, too, is running for reelection. Unlike Humphrey, he may face a serious challenge in the person of the Republican Congressman William S. Cohen, one of the heroes of the Nixon impeachment hearings. Cohen is young (just turned 35) and handsome; he has a flat stomach and slim, often jean-clad hips. He's a popular person, and polls show he'd have a chance against Muskie. So Muskie's advisers have told him that people in Maine feel out of touch with their senior senator and that he had better get out and mingle. Muskie's reserved, smiling presence towered over the people who gathered around him. Would he run for President again? No, he is running for the Senate. Fine, but they'd still like to see him President.

Maine treats Muskie with respect, as Minnesota treats Humphrey with affection, each a response to the essential character of the man. But how would either fare against President Ford or against ex-Gov. Ronald Reagan of California? Whenever Democrats gather to talk about how to beat Ford the names Humphrey and Muskie crop up, particularly Humphrey. The two of them do better in polls than any one in the multi-candidate field of declared candidates campaigning around the country, trying to raise a few bucks, building organizations. Though both Humphrey and Muskie admit they'd like the nomination, both are emphatic in saying they won't enter the primaries to win it. Nor does either nurse any unrealistic dreams of a brokered convention turning to him. They know it's possible but use words such as "remote" to describe the prospect.

Humphrey and Muskie contrast sharply in style. It's been a great year for Humphrey, his best in a decade. He's an "old New Dealer," to use his words, a man who believes in a strong federal government, a planner who urgently favors setting national goals for the Gross National Product (GNP), for thinning out the unemployment lines, for building housing and for using tax and monetary policies to solve social problems. He returned to the Senate in 1970, ready to resume his old goals only to find all his issues had been taken over by others during his six-year absence. That left him maladjusted until last January when he became chairman of the Joint Economic Committee. He plunged into his new work with the zest he's famous for, taking what he calls "a super post-graduate course." Humphrey found his target before he was a month into hearings—Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur F. Burns and his secretive money policies. Hubert fretted out loud about the "magical, mystery subject" of monetary policy, railed against it when Secretary of the Treasury William Simon and Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, came before him. How could they set tax policy, wage-price policy, any kind of policy when they didn't know what Burns was up to? It was like a three-legged stool, Humphrey insisted, only Burns had one leg in his pocket. If you sat on it, you'd fall over. Humphrey joined as co-sponsor of a resolution requiring Burns to report quarterly to Congress on the Fed's policies. It passed with ease, but Humphrey's been around long enough to know a skirmish isn't the war.

His super post-graduate course uncovered a trend that agitates Humphrey and, thanks to him, has become part of the Democrats' campaign rhetoric: the steady rise in the "acceptable level" of unemployment. Humphrey, like other liberals, recalls fondly the

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Employment Act of 1946. Then, a two percent unemployment rate was thought to be acceptable; however, as recession has followed upon recession, tolerance has increased until today, some people talk of six or seven percent as "acceptable." Every fiber of Humphrey's being rejects the thought that millions of Americans should be permanently out of work. He knows how unpopular welfare has become, agrees that changes (possibly a negative income tax) are needed. But how? Without planning, goals, a comprehensive federal jobs policy, he sees a bleak future. "These people (the unemployed) begin to feel there's no place for them. They adopt a new life style, learn to live off welfare and food stamps, how to cut corners" (his euphemism for crime). He worries about a permanent split in this country between "those who work and those who do not" and the deep hostility that would result.

Nothing could highlight the contrast between Humphrey, the social activist, and Ford, the conservative from Grand Rapids, more than the economic debate of the last year in which both played major roles. Unlike Humphrey, Ford was trapped in quite a different role at the peak of his congressional career. He was the minority leader. His job was to rally his troops to bushwhack one Democratic program after another, sniping away in a rearguard action against the more than 50 programs pushed through Congress during the days of the Great Society. It wasn't a problem-solving role, and Ford is having just as much difficulty shifting gears as Humphrey would have.

Meanwhile Muskie also took a new job—the chairmanship of the Senate Budget Committee, the new panel that grew out of the frustrations of the Democratic majority over the numbers game in which they were labelled big spenders—unfairly, they insisted. The voters didn't know whose figures to believe. Then in 1974 a group of first-term congressmen demanded some "fiscal accountability." Because of the trouble they were having convincing the voters, the leadership agreed to set up a new procedure whereby the Congress would develop its own budget, set its own spending figures and divide up the pie according to its own priorities. Muskie was named chairman.

The timing couldn't have been better for Ed Muskie. Scarcely a year ago, there was a 70 percent chance (he said) that he wouldn't seek a fourth term. He was bored. He yearned for the quiet of a private law practice, perhaps in a small town such as Waterville, Maine, where he put up his shingle near the end of the Great Depression. He dreamed of long, carefree summers of golf at the family retreat in Kennebunkport, where he could spend time with his family.

He isn't temperamentally a legislator; he *is* an administrator and his eyes sparkle when he talks about early budgetary victories he had as Maine's first Democratic governor in decades. His new Senate duties have enough executive flavor to excite him and to keep him in the race for reelection.

Under the new procedure, being tested this year, Congress sets a spending limit by May 15 ($367 billion this year), divides it into the same 17 "functional" areas used by the White House and sends it to the regular legislative and appropriations panels to be split up. Overall totals must be reconciled in the fall. Meanwhile, each time an authorization or an appropriations bill comes to the floor, Muskie, as chairman in the Senate, must take to the floor to tell his colleagues whether the figure is within the target set by Congress in the spring. In short, he's been cast as the fiscal conscience of the Senate.

Dealing with budgets, finding ways to make the money go a little further, setting reasonable goals and selling them, appeals to Muskie as an intellectual challenge. He insists on delving into the darkest corner of every issue confronting him until he's certain he knows all there is to know. Once he's studied a matter and made a decision, he's not patient with dissent. His impatience with those who fail to see the logic of his carefully considered positions often explodes into anger, which has given him a reputation on the Hill for having a terrible temper. Aides say the charge always surprises Muskie; it's a "drawback" for a committee chairman and an "issue" if Muskie runs for President.

Were Muskie to run against Ford, the voters might not readily grasp the difference between a Midwestern

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conservative who finds it difficult to renounce the comfortable status quo and a Yankee liberal who understands so well the way his constituents must scratch a living from the soil of his native state that he wants to make every penny count. Yet Muskie's reputation as the fiscal conscience of the Senate might be just right for a public that perceives government isn't working.

Humphrey's image is quite different. His zest for planning alarms his critics; indeed, they see him as a man ceaselessly, indiscriminately looking for new ways to spend the taxpayers' money, extend the control of the feds into every aspect of people's lives. Indiscriminate he can be; that's the other side of an undisciplined but generous spirit. He co-sponsors legions of bills. I asked an aide, how many this year? She blushed, laughed just a little and said "a lot." If they'll help somebody or reform something, Humphrey's name is inevitably on them. He can't stop talking once on a platform, sometimes driving a large part of the crowd away. After one such experience, a vexed aide asked Humphrey, who's become a bit defensive about the chronic complaints that he's long-winded, why he did it. "Some men drink, some philander, I like to talk," he snapped.

There are serious questions in many minds whether Humphrey, in a time of huge deficits, a national debt that will probably approach $700 billion by election day, could say "no" to anyone. Ford, in contrast, hasn't learned how to say "yes." Muskie's "maybe" might seem more appropriate.

Humphrey's self-image is quite different. He sees himself as a "man of ideas" who can articulate and implement them, a man who can coalesce public opinion by drawing a picture of where we are and where we should be, a man who could provide the political savvy and still be a moral force. That's what he thinks a President should be—a politician committed to principles. As for government, he says "its purpose isn't to run everything but to see what's here is run with justice. It has to be more than an umpire. Sometimes it has to set public standards." He agrees government has lost touch, become "very big, slow to respond."

The more Humphrey thinks about it, the more he'd like to be President. He's aware of the talk. How could he fail to be, given the rousing, heartfelt ovation he received at the AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco, the reports that some of his most bitter critics of the Vietnam period are warming to him. But he won't run actively. The primaries are exhausting, debilitating and he doesn't need them to create an identity. He was sick (with cancer), but he's apparently cured. The thing that holds him back is money. "I'm sick of the little charade of going into a room to mingle with contributors and then being sent out while my people beg for money. Then, we found out people were giving corporate money without our knowledge." Two of his trusted aides were caught up in it, one pleading guilty, the other found guilty. There's talk of a "Watergate factor" in a Humphrey candidacy.

But he knows financing wouldn't be a problem if he were nominated without an extensive pre-convention effort. The new campaign finance law allocates both major parties $20 million plus a cost-of-living hike; the funds are in the kitty and would be disbursed as soon as he was certified.

That's the way Humphrey would like to run, free of the hassles of raising money; free to raise, instead, the issues he thinks are so important.

Muskie also knows the primaries are not the route to the presidency for him. He proved it once. He's a proud, sensitive man possessed of Yankee reserve though his father was an immigrant Polish tailor. He can't bring himself to demagogue an issue. "Punch line" oratory isn't natural for him and he's embarrassed by what he perceives as the "hokey" in politics. Muskie's memories of 1972 seem to center on the Florida primary, a dismal affair. His managers ruled that the combination of Florida's loosely-structured politics and its huge media markets dictated a battle of what is known in that trade as "media events." They were carefully staged, designed solely to get their man on the six o'clock news.

For Muskie they were a disaster. "I've never felt so unnatural, so disturbed as I was with the effort to put together media events," he confides, going on to describe it as "like trying to paint a picture in 14 short brush strokes. We must have looked ridiculous." For a candidate who had detailed position papers on almost every issue, papers that explored in depth the problems facing the country, it was a mockery of the process, not his style at all. Muskie would like to win the nomination without entering the primaries and believes he could wage a winning campaign as the party's nominee.

The odds don't favor a scenario in which a Humphrey or a Muskie emerges as the nominee; however, the chances aren't as remote as either pretends. If it's to happen the primaries will have to be inconclusive. There isn't an issue to galvanize the well-organized, highly motivated cadres of the Democratic party's liberal wing behind a single candidate as there was in 1972, when they seized control of the party. Consequently liberals are split, state-by-state, between three or four candidates. The solutions the candidates offer to the country's economic problems differ more in accent and style than in content. Under these conditions it's possible voters will split so badly none of the candidates will emerge from the primaries with anything close to a front-runner status, except perhaps George Wallace. It's conceivable that Wallace will arrive in New York next July with a third of the delegates, the remainder split hopelessly among a half dozen or more candidates. That's the point at which delegates may start thinking seriously about what's needed to defeat Ford and who could do it, someone perhaps like Humphrey or Muskie.

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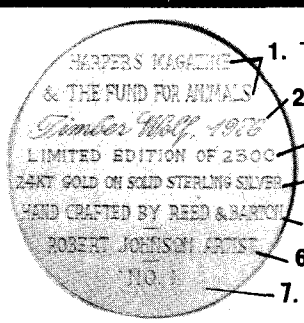

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Ice Age

(Chelsea Theater Center)

I read Knut Hamsun's *On Overgrown Paths* in 1969, and it has haunted me ever since. I was reviewing a new translation of his early novel *Victoria* (*TNR*, Feb. 1, '69) and was freshly convinced of his genius, a genius that was coming back into the light after the cloud thrown over his career by his support of the Norwegian Nazi party and his praise of Hitler. Rereading some others of his books, I came across his last work, then new to me, *On Overgrown Paths* (Eriksson, 1967), a kind of journal interspersed with memoirs, written during the years 1945 to 1948 when Hamsun was interned on suspicion of treason, first in a hospital, then in a home for the aged, then in an Oslo psychiatric clinic. It's a short book, done in a style that can be called close-mouthed, wry, patient, solitary.

He was 86 when he was arrested. Apparently the Norwegian government was trying to find him mentally incompetent in order to excuse his political behavior so that they wouldn't have to punish him, but he stubbornly and very competently insisted that he had known what he was doing. Their Nobel prize author—he and Sigrid Undset are the only two that Norway has had—would not let them off the hook. He passed all the psychiatric tests and, in a sense, forced them to find him guilty, which they did in 1948. He was heavily fined, though the fines were later reduced; if he had been younger or obscure, he might have been shot. He died in 1952, aged 93.

The obvious parallel is with Ezra Pound, but Hamsun is personally much more appealing; he has none of Pound's nastiness and viciousness. Hamsun's book—in a taciturn, unbending manner—compels. If one knows some of his best work, his memoir is disturbing in at least two ways. How could a writer of such powerful human insight have subscribed to a ruthlessly anti-humanist politics? When does one stop honoring honor and courage? Leni Riefenstahl's Nazi documentary *Triumph of the Will* is frightening because she had filmic genius, employed for odious propaganda, that makes us viscerally respond. But here, alone and unpopular, past propaganda, is this stubborn old man refusing to bend, and you find yourself finding him—it's the only word—admirable. His book is shaking because it shakes the bounds of human encompassment.

Evidently the book has haunted the German playwright Tankred Dorst. Now 50, Dorst is the author of a number of plays and opera libretti performed throughout Germany. (He has been in the US twice: as a prisoner of war and as a writer-in-residence at Oberlin.) His play *Ice Age* is based on the Hamsun memoirs; it has been done in several German cities, including Berlin, has been filmed for German TV and produced in Australia, and is to be produced in Britain. Now the Chelsea Theater Center, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, presents it in Peter Sanders' translation.

It's as easy to understand why so many people have wanted to produce it as it is to understand why Dorst wanted to write it. The subject is tantalizing. But tantalizing subjects don't always make satisfactory plays. In this case, at least, one can legitimately use a worn rationale: *Ice Age* is the kind of unsatisfactory play one is glad to have seen.

The dramatic trouble is central: the central figure is a portrait, not a protagonist. The Old Man, which is all he is called, observes, comments, responds, but he initiates nothing and does not change. The core of his persona is to initiate nothing and not to change. There can be drama in stasis, as Beckett has shown, but Dorst doesn't venture that far. He sees the Old Man's stasis as a handicap, not an opportunity, and he tries to compensate by adding material that is meant to make the play function in relatively conventional terms.

Most of this added material is strained. He sets the play in one place, an old-folks home, and he surrounds the Old Man with contrasting old people, blithering about complicated trivia. To dramatize the moral complexities and the effect of the Old Man's character, Dorst invents a young ex-partisan named Oswald, son of a rich collaborator, who has wanted for a long time to kill the Old Man, who tries to shatter him with symbolic charades, and who is himself shattered by the old man's fixity. If this character had been written well, and had been played well in this production, it might have crystallized some of the feelings that Hamsun's book gives the reader. Instead it's all merely arty.

And Dorst does some funny fiddling with the Old Man's wife. She was, as he says, much younger, but he omits the fact that Hamsun's wife (who had previously been married to a German) was believed to have intensified his pro-German, anti-American and anti-British feelings. She was herself in prison at this time and served three years. Dorst converts her into a bland, baffled woman with a flabby son, who brings the Old Man muddled news of his farm and wants only to do everything he wishes.

There are a few good scenes, particularly one in which the Old Man encounters an old timer named Kristian from his part of the country. They smoke a pipe together and count up which of their acquaintances are dead, chuckling because they are still alive. This encounter, drawn from a somewhat different scene in the book, strengthens the essence of the Old Man, his rootedness in his soil and community, his consecration of the life that gave him life. And there is an earlier scene in which the Old Man takes a word-association test given by a psychiatrist. After he answers a particularly inane question he adds quietly: "I've written

Films Worth Seeing

The Magic Flute. One can disagree with Ingmar Bergman's concept of Mozart's opera, but his filming of it is genius.

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson is tremendous and every actor is good in this dubious allegory set in a mental hospital.

The Sunshine Boys. Walter Matthau and George Burns, as two veteran vaudevillians, make you collapse with laughter until Neil Simon's script collapses.

Swept Away. Rich Italian beauty, poor Italian sailor are castaways. Sharp while on the island, dull back on the mainland.

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nirty novels."

But the strength of the play, which is lso its weakness, is that it works not in ialogues or clashes but in the *being* of ne Old Man. He becomes vivid as a man who loves simplicity, his language, his eople, his farm, his mind; who hates lovenliness and lack of self-discipline— nd can therefore find plenty to mock in emocratic society. He says that he anted to see Norway take her place in a Germanic union. (And Dorst might have dded, from Hamsun's strong statement o the court: "I could call to mind that very single great and proud name in Norwegian culture had first journeyed hrough Teutonic Germany in order to vin the acclaim of the world at large. It vas not wrong of me to remember hat.") The Old Man rests his support of Hitler and the Quisling party (as in the book) on his ignorance of the Nazi ortures and his desire to save Norwegian lives from being wasted in utile resistance, particularly in aid of he Britain he disliked.

If it could be proved that Hamsun eally knew of the Nazi crimes in Norway and elsewhere, then his book nd this play would take on very different colors. But he was an old man when the war started, living an isolated rural life, reading only a doctored press. That is explanation, not excuse, but it helps to explain how he was able to remain steadfast to an ideal abstracted from its barbarous application. (When in fact Hamsun later learned of the horrors, he refused to comment on them, as if acknowledgment of the horrors would have been a way out for him, a way to regret his past. It's almost as if, by rejecting acknowledgment of the horrors, he was punishing himself for his mistakes, making himself live with them without admitting them.)

Dorst has an excellent ally in Roberts Blossom who plays the Old Man. (He was Gatsby's father in the recent film.) Blossom grounds his fine performance in a perfectly realized center: hard, lonely, self-imprisoned within himself. Arne Zaslove, the director, has done his best work with Blossom. The rest of the cast is indifferent when not hurtful, except for Roger de Koven's juicy Kristian. If there were such a thing as a modernistic ice cube, the inside of it would look like Wolfgang Roth's setting. The Chelsea Theater Center has often produced interesting plays, not often as moderately well as this one. With all its shortcomings, this production at least brings us Dorst's and Blossom's disdainful, doomed old lion.

Reed Whittemore on television

"The American Documents"—Sensible Patriotism

The early stirrings of the Bicentennial have been so depressing that to think of the native corn and hypocrisy we have yet to endure is to wish for release into a clean well-lighted place with no history. On the tube, those who have been commissioned to illuminate and rejuvenate our past will have their hands full just staying even with their integrity, what with patriotic sponsors coming in regularly to proclaim *their* integrity and to pledge all of us to work for a niftier America. The working-together theme is such a big favorite now for the promotion people of the big corporations (the ones who have cleaned up most by not working together) that integrity may lie the other way. What network, for instance, would like to sell an oil company on sponsoring a J.D. Rockefeller special, or an hour on Teapot Dome?

One new 13-program series with integrity (not counting the commercials, which will vary) is already complete—except for one show now being worked on. The series has been shown in part in a few places and in toto (the 12th) in New York—and is now being sprung elsewhere. It is called "The American Documents." It is receiving independent rather than network distribution but has as its backer the *Post-Newsweek* TV complex. The series is not dedicated to the advancement of dissension but it has no stake in promoting a lovely image of our virtue and harmoniousness either. It is an important experiment in bringing to the tube honest history based on prime source material that has not already been thumbed to death. TV is not accustomed to such enterprise.

Among the 13 shows are a study of 19th-century communes in America, a study of a variety of radical social experiments during the depression, and a history of American patents. The three shows this reviewer has seen so far are a history of the black film industry in this country, a history of American immigration, and a monograph on the six years of Suffragette activity leading to the 19th Amendment. All are well done.

The black-film program, entitled "Black Shadows on a Silver Screen" (a good script by Thomas Cripps of Morgan State College), begins with shots of the "racial stereotypes" of blacks that crowded the early silents: blacks eating watermelon and rolling their eyes. It moves to D.W. Griffith's *Birth of Nation* and attributes all the early black film efforts to indignation about the notorious racism of that film (indignation that Griffiths remained "uncomprehending" about for the rest of his life). It includes shots of the first known antidote to the Griffith film, something called *Birth of a Race* (no copies of the film remain, but stills from it were located in the Tampa Public Library), and then shifts to the productions of "a young black man from the Dakota prairies—Oscar Micheaux," the most prominent black producer of the silent era. Micheaux not only produced many movies but he also distributed them, by carting them around in a suitcase from town to town and arranging for their showing. Because the copies in the suitcase were usually the only copies extant, his films are all gone now—except one, *Body and Soul*, which was Paul Robeson's debut. In "Black Shadows" it is resurrected for the first time. In it Robeson plays the part of a villainous black minister who preaches abstinence and holiness from the pulpit but chases the girls after hours. One of the girls denounces him in his own church but he fights back. A triumph of bourgeois values is finally achieved by making the whole thing only a nightmare. For the most part the other Micheaux films achieved similarly dubious triumphs. They consistently dignified the blacks by making them solid citizens dedicated to rising in the middle class money world and cultivating the "finer things."

The '30s brought social consciousness to the black script writers, but the change was slow. Interestingly the first production that allowed a black to make honest revolutionary noises was not black in origin but a straight King Vidor affair, *So Red the Rose*. Also contributing radical notions to the relatively conservative local black scene in the '30s were imports of Josephine Baker from Paris,

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plus a British film with Robeson as an African native confronting *British* imperialism, *Sanders of the River*. Robeson also did *The Emperor Jones* in the early '30s, but though that was a straight commercial production it never played the major houses. Not until after World War II was it possible, according to producer Ray Hubbard, to bring genuine "black themes" into play in a mainline show. The show that did so was *Pinky*. It had Jeanne Crain passing as a white girl in Boston, then returning to her black mammy Ethel Waters in the South and receiving a dressing-down.

Of course Jeanne Crain was really white. Hollywood had to do it that way. Anyway by that time (1949) the black film industry had lost much of its earlier social function, that of providing a kind of separatist genre for those blacks who were tired of whitey's images of blacks. It also seems evident, says Hubbard, that the black films that were produced in the two decades before World War II did not, even in their heyday, reach wide black audiences but remained in effect underground ventures. The relatively big time of *Superfly* and the other pop stuff of the '70s was yet to come, and "Black Shadows" doesn't take us that far.

The immigration film in the series, called "We All Came to America," is equally attentive to minority issues, being in effect a history of American intolerance and repression. From the beginning. The impressive script was written by a young Washingtonian named Mark Olshaker (most of "The American Documents" is Washington-bred, a tribute to the aliveness of the Washington film community), who managed to squeeze into 51 minutes of film the sad tales of the Irish, the Jews, the Italians, the Poles, the Chinese, the Japanese and all the rest, yet still to give to his production a sufficiency of documentary detail. The detail is striking and comes in the form of pungent excerpts from first-hand accounts: what it was like coming to this country in steerage, how officialdom's questions at Ellis Island could trip up the unwary and send them back home, how social Darwinism was converted by academic zealots to national exclusion policies, and so on. The camera work is less impressive than the script—though its materials must have been hard to collect—since, necessarily, so much of it is devoted to stills; but the program as a whole has a fine cumulative power. Toward the end it has the watcher wondering how all the bloody selfish racists and bigots of the country and all the immigrants *to* the country will ever melt and meld as the Statue of Liberty says they are supposed to. Olshaker melts and melds them suddenly in the last minute or two, without sentiment or false affirmations: a neat trick.

And the Suffragette film, called "How We Got the Vote," is also, though limited to six years, a solid history of repression. The sad familiar saga of how the Suffragettes were ignored by the President and the Congress—and ridiculed, persecuted and jailed—is livened up by actual interviews with two of the leaders of the movement, Mabel Vernon and Alice Pauls, two old ladies with acid memories. The script of thi production by Nancy Gager is itself piece of militancy, ending, for example with a short lecture: "In 1975 more tha a half-dozen states still have *not* ratifie the 19th Amendment—shame on you! Will *Post-Newsweek* have trouble sellin this show in those half dozen states?

Ray Hubbard of CBS has been th executive producer of the series. He ha devoted two years to the thing, and hi supporting producers, researchers writers, narrators and technicians hav obviously been as committed as he t giving the commercial tube an intellec tual jolt. An ambitious, expensive ex periment.

The Haydnfest in Washington

There are two ways to keep from losing your shirt on a music festival. One is to grab as many star attractions as possible and program them to the public's taste (this the Salzburg/Edinburgh model), hoping to sell enough tickets at high enough prices to pay a reasonable fraction of the bills. The other is to scale down the costs of the performances offered, hoping to lure audiences by low prices and by the quality of the ideas around which the festival is constructed. The first approach always loses more money (sometimes much more money), because star attractions are almost as good as OPEC ministers in setting outrageous prices; and from the point of view of an impresario who must also operate in non-festival weeks, the star system wastes talent that could just as easily sell tickets at other times. But the second approach requires an all but impossible quality of talent and intelligence in performing arts management to convince people that they are really participating in a "festival" despite the less than dazzling performances they attend.

About the only man in the world who can successfully stage this second kind of festival is Martin Feinstein, executive director for performing arts at the Kennedy Center in Washington, who has built such occasions around Shakespeare and Venice, modern composers and the music of Mozart. His "Haydnfest" for the three weeks around October 1st could serve as a model for the genre.

Haydn is a composer of supreme importance in the history of music perhaps the most original fully professional musical artist who ever lived, inexhaustibly witty and delightful From his 100-plus symphonies, 50-odd piano sonatas, dozens of quartets and vocal works, no more than a handful get programmed in any one city in any one year; the idea of a long, steady rain of Haydn is intrinsically interesting. It gets talked about in ways that draw not just any old audience, but an audience of some distinction, which presumably stimulates performers.

To help along the quality of this audience, Feinstein sponsored a musicological congress and critical seminars to accompany the festival. This tourist was in Washington for the middle days of the Haydnfest to join four other critics in receiving instruction from Laszlo Somfai, a young, aggressively exact and brilliantly musical scholar who made his reputation with work on the Haydn operas and maintains an interest in all things Haydnesque though he is now director of the Bela Bartok Archives in Budapest. During the final week of the festival, a much larger group of academics would gather to hear papers presented by scholars from all over the world and to participate in discussion sessions on performance problems in 18th-century music. The scholarly component was funded in large part by the National Endowment for the Humanities.

An oddity of the congress was the

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presence of the Dane rather than the Hamlet, for H.C. Robbins-Landon, the great American Haydn scholar, had opted out, and the conference was directed by Jens Peter Larsen of Copenhagen. There are feuds in progress between the Robbins-Landon school and the Larsen school (the one that surfaced was on the provenance of the op. 3 quartets, which Robbins-Landon's friends wish to reattribute to Haydn after some years of scholarly agreement that they are really by Hofstetter), and presumably somebody's nose was out of joint.

Among the more attractive aspects of Kennedy Center programming is the use of student performing groups from our best conservatories, and for the Haydn Festival they came from no fewer than seven American schools—including Philadelphia's Curtis Institute, Yale and Indiana University—plus the Hochschule für Musik in Vienna. Before my arrival the Curtis orchestra had bowled everyone over with the performances of the fascinating early symphonies in *Morning, Noon and Night*, directed by Alexander Schneider. I did hear Yale's Philharmonia Orchestra play two middle-period symphonies with considerable elegance under the baton of Otto Werner-Müller, and Indiana's Opera Theatre present Haydn's silly but often lovely comic opera based on Goldoni's *Il Mondo della Luna*. Tibor Kozma conducted, the singers were all more or less adequate in difficult roles (sopranos Jeannette Jung and Edith Vannerette made the best impression), the production was legitimately charming—but what really made the evening was the performance in the pit, the best orchestral playing I heard in Washington. It was a hell of a show at a $4.95 top.

Even bigger bargains, of course, are the free concerts that are so admirable a feature of Kennedy Center's presentations the year round: that's real community service, and builds loyalties that will be available when needed. There were 16 such freebies in the Haydnfest, including the Yale concert and the concerts by Vienna's Melkus ensemble, and most of the performances of the Masses. Normally Kennedy's free concerts present semi-professional or student talent, and they may not meet the very highest artistic standards. In the Haydnfest, however, many of them did meet such standards; indeed one of the foreign visitors suggested that future Haydn festivals should use student musicians exclusively, because they played so much better—more accurately and more *musically*—than the pros.

The comment, I fear, was not entirely a tribute to the students, for the Haydnfest was weakest where it should have been strongest—in the performances by the National Symphony Orchestra under the baton of its music director Antal Dorati. In both large pieces and small, the results were little short of disastrous.

The most important novelty on the program—the American premiere of *Il Ritorno di Tobia*, the oratorio that was Haydn's first big success in Vienna—was destroyed by insensitive conducting (including an insistence on taking every blasted repeat in the score, which made every aria last at least 10 minutes and dragged the piece on till 12:10 in the morning). This is a formula-ridden work at best, despite some great beauties in the choruses and some pretty phrases in the opening statements of the arias; eager to satisfy the sophisticates of the big town, Haydn in this score seems to have minimized his originality and totally suppressed his sense of humor. Still, though only one of the singers was up to the job (a newcomer named Linda Zoghby, who revealed both voice and training), the evening would not have been such a drag if the orchestra had not played so raggedly, the continuo had not been realized so lumpishly, and the conductor had known what he was about.

Dorati is a fine fellow and a good conductor, who plays some pieces as well as anyone now active; but the vast majority of the pieces he plays best were written in the first quarter of this century. He became a Haydn "expert" by accident, when the Philharmonica Hungarica, an organization of 1956 refugees that has kept itself going by free-lancing around Europe, received a commission to record all the symphonies and asked Dorati—the most eminent conductor to have befriended them in their hours of need—to assume the stick. The resulting recordings have won all sorts of prizes, but not, I must say, from me: I think they deny the variety of the works. Dorati knows he is supposed to take Haydn seriously, but he can't think why. A comparison between his recordings of the London symphonies and the recently issued Jochum set (or the Szell set of the first six) will demonstrate the problem immediately.

Haydn's recapitulations are often very slightly different from his expositions,

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because he never bothered to look back on what he did the first time: he remembered it all just about (but not quite) exactly. Even in fairly well-known symphonies, Dorati as conductor remembered nothing; he did not even feel secure with the immediate repeat of an exposition, and would flip the pages back to keep his nose in the score. As a result he was always conducting the score rather than the orchestra: when he signalled an entry to a section, he did not trouble to look at his musicians and see how they were doing. Ignored by the maestro, the men grimly and joylessly ran through the notes—and not always all the notes, at that.

The National's contract with its union permits the division of the orchestra into separate ensembles, and gives extended vacations to the first-desk players. Thus Dorati was working on different nights with different groups, neither of them led by their usual leaders, and neither anywhere near so well rehearsed as they would be during the regular season. It was hard not to feel that the National's participation in the Haydn festival was simply a way to get another three weeks of engagements to help fill out the year-round commitment, and the sooner everybody got it over with, the better. Without climbing all the way up on my high horse, I think it worth suggesting that the National should not make such a display of its weaknesses before visitors from around the country and around the world.

Next fall there will be no theme-centered festival. As part of its extraordinary bicentennial program (which is being put on without government subsidy), Kennedy Center will offer instead the Paris Opera and the Teatro alla Scala, both making their first trips to the United States. (Scala did a Verdi Requiem in New York on a run-out from the Montreal Expo, but that doesn't count.) When festivals resume the year after next, perhaps the National Symphony will be willing to match the care and quality of Kennedy Center's festival planning with an effort for greater care and quality in musical execution.

Martin Mayer

Martin Mayer is a free lance writer.

COMING

John Updike
on Edmund Wilson

Books Considered

Don't Make No Waves Don't Back No Losers by Milton Rakove

(Indiana Univ. Press; $10)

For years Chicago has billed itself as "the city that works" and for most of that time this self-congratulation has been accepted in the nation with knowing condescension. After all, boosterism is expected from Babbitt's heartland and it is understood that the reverse side of such boasting is etched with feelings of inferiority. In Chicago's case it is known as the Second City complex.

But now with the First City floundering in chronic debt, there is a kind of "double take" interest in what makes Chicago tick. How has this chilly inland metropolis with its antiquated political machine, organized crime syndicate, its conservative white ethnics and its segregated blacks managed to stay afloat, even to prosper?

New Yorkers eagerly grasped the explanation that Chicago hasn't been as open armed as New York. The Windy City, so the rationale goes, has been content with an old-fashioned meat and potatoes operation—picking up the garbage, lighting streets and alleys, providing police and fire protection while leaving to someone else the costly services of welfare, health, education and housing.

There is some truth in that assertion, but not enough to keep Gotham warm through all the difficult days ahead. For if you lump together the city of Chicago's spending and bonded debt with that part undertaken by other public bodies on behalf of Chicago there remains a striking bottom line difference with New York. Chicago's bonded debt, together with its share of the debt of overlapping governments, is $1.169 billion compared with $7.664 billion for New York City. Expressed as a percentage of the estimated full value of property, Chicago and its overlapping governments have borrowed 3.5 per cent of their common worth compared to New York's 9.4 per cent. Which is to say there has been a different way of doing business in these two cities over the past several decades.

A fascinating look at how the public's business has been handled in Chicago is provided by Milton Rakove's book, *Don't Make No Waves, Don't Back No Losers: An Insider's Analysis of the Daley Machine.* Rakove, a political scientist, spent considerable time on the precinct beats and in the ward offices of the Daley machine during the 10 years he collected data for this volume.

What he found is that Chicago is run by an efficient one-party system which has demonstrated considerable capacities for self-renewal over a 40-year span of time. The last 20 years have been the era of Richard J. Daley, who brought to full flowering the machine's capabilities for centralizing power. It is important to note, however, that the machine existed long before Daley. Rakove's central thesis is that the machine will endure long after its current master tactician has left the scene. Rakove sees Chicago's one-party system, not as an imposed burden on the city, but rather as an organic creation of the community. The machine will change complexion from white to black, says Rakove, but will remain "unaltered in its basic dynamics, tactics and objectives." Black and Latin politicians will succeed the current crop of white ethnic leaders and will continue the fruitful alliance with the white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant business establishment.

That alliance has been a crucial factor in the city's record of maintaining a stable tax base, rebuilding its central business district and attracting corporate white collar offices. But the collaboration of big business with the party (usually assisted by cooperative organized labor) has been no more successful than any other city's approach in combating neighborhood decay, school degeneration and rising street crime.

This set of social problems has fueled a flight of people and jobs from the city with a consequent rise in suburban political and economic power. Today the seven million population of Chicago's metropolitan area is split almost equally between the city and its suburbs. But Chicago's population is one-third black and declining while the suburbs are nearly lily white and still growing.

The transfer of middle class whites and their jobs to the suburbs represents the most pressing challenge to the maintenance of the machine as it is known. Historically the machine has turned to its own advantage both state government and metropolitan-wide public offices. It is unlikely to exercise

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uch dominance in the future even if the merging black and Latin politicians rove as adept as Daley and his olleagues. Thus what is unusual about Chicago—its centralized one-party olitics—will be less important in the uture, and what is common with the ation's other great metropolises—ecay of the inner city—will be more vident. That Chicago has no magic olutions will be yet further evidence of he urgent need to reorient national olicy and resources.

But Rakove's book is not so much a rescription for the future as it is a close nalysis of the past. Without indulging n moral judgments, he lays down an rchitectural rendering of how the nachine has operated during the Daley ra. And while he recognizes the nachine's organic existence, he is also ware of Mayor Daley's unique role, one ot likely to be repeated. Daley is both ead of the government and boss of the arty. He has shown equal talent for oth tasks, being a first-rate administrator and a good politician. He is n expert on public financing and a naster of the details necessary to unning an effective patronage operaion. He is a hard worker himself and consistently demanding of others. He is n inspirational leader to followers and a relentless tactician against opponents. He will co-opt alternate centers of power where possible and where not, he will wear them down, employing all the manipulative tools available to one who sits atop both party and government.

Daley does not expend his power by rushing into decisions. He waits to be pushed by organized interests, developing crises and public opinion. His is essentially conservative leadership—practical, parochial and non-ideological. Under such guidance influential groups within the community get served first and best. Corruption is ever present, but rarely out of control. The unorganized public is kept "quiescent, passive and disinterested" with jobs and rudimentary city services. Needless to say meticulous attention is paid to organizing the vote for the maintenance of power.

Rakove knows his subject and describes it clearly and dispassionately. He has produced an interesting case study which does not pretend to elucidate Machiavellian principles suitable for all occasions. One lesson does stand out: politics as a vital connector between people and government has been alive in Chicago during the Daley era. If his brand is neither suitable nor desirable for the future, some substitute besides the absence of effective political power must be found.

James Hoge

James Hoge, an ex-New Yorker, has been editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times* since 1968.

The Politics of Neglect by Bernard J. Frieden and Marshall Kaplan

(MIT Press; $14.95)

The conceptual breakthrough that distinguished Federal urban programs in the 1960s from their predecessors was the recognition that there exists a "culture of poverty" which imposes habits of mind that perpetuate human misery more tenaciously than mere lack of money.

These years were rich enough in "income transfer" programs—welfare, medicare, medicaid, food stamps, school lunches, rent supplements—that were modifications of the traditional dole. Their importance in putting a floor under urban poverty should not be underestimated (though it often is).

In addition, however, there were bureaucratic innovations expressly designed to stop the poverty culture from perpetuating itself. One was called "comprehensivity"—a doctrine which held that poverty, the consequence of a complexity of causes, must be attacked from many directions simultaneously. The other was called "citizen participation"—which held that the poor must be beyond the passive acceptance of professional ministrations to define and administer solutions to their own needs. Both ideas, untried and barely understood, found their way into Lyndon Johnson's anti-poverty and model cities legislation.

But political daring (some would say folly) also distinguished this legislation. Unlike the New Deal's social programs, the salvation it sought was not in behalf of society as a whole but only of that small segment which had somehow been left behind in the wave of affluence. Thus it was special interest legislation—and the interest was a constituency that was rather small and very weak.

Johnson, while relentlessly sermonizing the rich, surely understood the inherent narrowness of the program's appeal. Yet he sanctioned its instilling in the poor certain uppity notions that they had a right to fight back against the powerful, that they had a just claim upon the nation's wealth, that they deserved a fair share of municipal services, good jobs, decent housing. What the privileged majority perceived was that, in return for their money, they were getting only a lot of sass.

To give Johnson his due (which most of us are loathe to do), he made few compromises at the programs' start though, politically, he had to do more than make them work. If he was not to lose them to popular indifference, he had to make them *appear* to work, which was a much more difficult problem.

In *The Politics of Neglect*, Bernard J. Frieden and Marshall Kaplan explore the federal bureaucracy's role in administering the model cities program, particularly in trying to achieve the unfamiliar goal of "comprehensivity" in delivering social services to the poor.

Both men contributed to these efforts in the 1960s, and both remain connected with them, Frieden as professor of urban studies at MIT and Kaplan as head

". . . an extraordinarily important document. . . . Any social system that says to a large slice of its young people, 'There is no room for you!' and to the overwhelming bulk of its elderly, 'You are constrained to suffer 15 years of predeath!' is an abomination."

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of a firm of urban consultants. As writers, they do not make bureaucracy absorbing but they answer the reflexive bureaucracy-haters by demonstrating that if government wants to perform a big and complex job, a neat little apparatus will not do.

Indisputably the diverse units of HUD, HEW, Labor, OEO and other federal agencies failed in their efforts at coordination (though hardly, as the title suggests, through "neglect"). Maybe the task was inherently beyond their capacity but they had hardly begun when the experiment was cancelled.

What Frieden and Kaplan do not do is to follow the process from the federal level down through channels to the neighborhoods—where, after all, the success of anti-poverty efforts must ultimately be measured.

This is a failing of much of the evaluation of the social programs of the 1960s. Most writers find it comfortable to deal with their peers in the bureaucracy, or with the statistics the bureaucracy has collected, but they are ill-at-ease walking ghetto streets to find out from the poor themselves how things might have worked.

The available evidence suggests, in fact, that for a few years in the latter part of the 1960s "citizen participation" flourished in dozens of cities throughout the country—and, in diverse patterns, actually did succeed in shifting some power from established classes to the poor.

Poor people were not only organizing themselves for confrontation, which was the activity that received the most publicity, but were acquiring experience in designing and operating health care, job training, housing rehabilitation, drug addiction, even street repair and police programs.

One might plausibly argue that Johnson's efforts were on their way to achieving their long term objective of breaking down the poverty culture. Through trial and error, the bureaucracy was learning about "comprehensivity," and the poor about "participation" in a highly competitive society.

Whatever the long run, however, the country was deceived about the short. Frieden and Kaplan show how hard it is to restructure federal bureaucracies in a hurry, and no one knew how to establish for a data-hungry culture the value of new experiences and small shifts in attitude. While Johnson promised the imminent end of poverty, all the majority saw was waste, corruption and strife.

The rest of the melancholy story is familiar. Having to make a choice, Johnson soon picked Vietnam, leaving the social programs with diminished funds and political support. By the end of the decade, the threat of urban violence had inexplicably vanished—and the poor became an easy target.

Under the flag of the new federalism, the Nixon administration terminated the federal government's alliance with the urban poor. Extolling decentralization, Nixon actually recentralized in local governments the authority that had once been dispersed among neighborhood organizations of the poor.

And so, discredited, Johnson's noble experiment came to an end. Yet its residual impact is felt in many cities—and, more than ever, looks like an idea that was prematurely interred.

Milton Viorst

Milton Viorst, a Washington writer on politics, has been studying Federal urban programs in the 1960s under a grant from the Kettering Foundation.

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Thinking About Crime by James Q. Wilson

(Basic Books; $10)

Remember back in the 1960s when the crime rate was for a brief period of time one of the hottest issues in American politics? When Richard Nixon's campaign for the presidency featured a promise to replace then Attorney General Ramsey Clark with someone (like John Mitchell) committed to "law and order"? When former Vice President Agnew's main function seemed to be to travel around the country coming on like Marshal Dillon?

Wedged in between the urban riots of the mid-1960s and Watergate, the crime issue had its brief fling with the influentials who certify the existence of national crises, and then resumed the low profile which it shares with such other has-beens as the urban crisis and student insurrections. The crime wave that occasioned this spasm of official attention, however, has not at all receded; indeed, the crime rate for most serious offenses (with the exception of heroin use) continues to mount at an alarming pace.

James Q. Wilson, a distinguished political scientist at Harvard, has been studying the criminal justice system since the early 1960s, when he undertook research on police bureaucracies. He has woven a collection of disparate, previously-published essays into a coherent and compelling case for change. It is not the sort of argument, however, that is likely to appeal to those who normally think of themselves as "reformers," for its fundamental premises cut directly across the grain of liberal orthodoxy.

Wilson begins by drawing attention to a striking paradox: crime, which is thought by liberals to be caused by poverty and privation, reached and exceeded crisis levels during a decade that saw Americans enjoying unprecedented prosperity. If economic conditions cannot adequately explain this epidemic of lawlessness, however, neither can the demographic changes in the population, for the increase during this period in the number of young people (who commit a disproportionate amount of crime), while dramatic, nevertheless accounts for only part of the observed increase in crime.

Having noted this spectacular rise in crime rates, however, Wilson explicitly directs our focus *away* from the question of what conditions ultimately "cause" crime. He thus squarely joins the issue with the liberal approach to social problem-solving. The liberal's preoccupation with the root causes of crime, he argues, is a legitimate and interesting intellectual enterprise, but it is more likely to retard than to advance the search for ways to reduce crime. The ultimate causes of crime almost certainly relate to the dynamics of family and community life, and the large social processes of attitude formation and moral development. Yet these are extraordinarily complex and subtle phenomena, little understood and not susceptible to manipulation by government. By riveting attention and

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esources on precisely those aspects of he crime problem of which we are—and re likely to remain—most ignorant and an do little about, while insisting that he problem can be "solved" only by ddressing "root causes," liberals have lefined themselves into assured failure.

To document his point, Wilson eviews what is known about the fficacy of efforts to rehabilitate riminal offenders, an objective that has been a keystone of the liberal approach o the crime issue. These efforts take a ariety of forms, including vocational raining, counseling, group and individual psychotherapy, community-based "halfway houses" and the like. They invariably focus on a "root cause" of crime—the values and perceptions of he criminal—and are intended to make innecessary, or at least abbreviate, the offender's incapacitation. Unhappily the empirical evidence is rather compelling hat even the most elaborate and well-lesigned of such programs have no effect upon the recidivism rate. There is also evidence that parole boards charged with deciding which offenders have been "rehabilitated" and which have not, would do as well by flipping a coin as by applying their "expertise" to that difficult decision.

Wilson points out what is well known o all observers of the criminal justice system—that the paucity of resources devoted to the guilt-determining process, coupled with indeterminate sentencing, has resulted in a system in which the vast majority of prosecutions are disposed of by plea bargain and the criminal has the leverage to assure that he will suffer only minimal punishment. Paradoxically legislating harsh *mandatory* sentences also increases the criminal's bargaining power, for discretion removed from the system at one point has a way of reappearing at another. As Wilson puts it, "the more severe the sentence, the more unlikely that it will be imposed," an observation that has been borne out in connection with the death penalty.

Liberals will find many of their pet solutions to the crime problem called into serious question in this book. Wilson's analysis of the heroin dilemma, for example, suggests that the spread of heroin addiction is not caused by "pushers"; that methadone maintenance is unlikely to reduce significantly the spread of heroin to new users; that the British system of government-controlled heroin maintenance is not readily transferable to American soil; that the amount of crime that could be reduced by a decriminalization policy has been vastly exaggerated; and that a vigorous law enforcement strategy does indeed tend to reduce the number of addicts. Similarly Wilson shows that improving the education, performance and community relations of police officers is not a viable solution to the crime problem. The decisions of courts and prosecutors have a greater impact on the problem, yet these agencies are far less innovative and more secretive than the police.

There are no easy answers to the problem of crime, Wilson is at pains to point out. Even if government could identify and comprehend the attitudinal causes of crime, it could not do very much about those causes. Indeed on the basis of the last 15 years' efforts, it cannot do very much about the relatively straightforward problem of teenage unemployment. What government *can* do is to raise some of the costs of crime by increasing the certainty and duration of imprisonment for all serious crimes, particularly those committed by prior offenders. This can be done by imposing mandatory minimum sentences whose precise length could be a matter for discretion; by a willingness to pay for more prosecutors, defense attorneys and judges, thereby reducing the criminal's leverage over the sentencing process; and by learning more about which policies work and which do not.

Even if these modest reforms are taken, however, the problem of crime will remain a major one for America. We cannot assume that prosperity, urban renewal, suburbanization, longer schooling and more minority group police officers will reduce crime; we are fortunate indeed if these developments do not increase it. America long ago ceased to be a moral community. Its promise has always been change and diversity, not stability and shared values. Rampant crime is one of the harsh prices we pay for this fluidity and fragmentation.

If we can manage to shed some of our more persistent illusions, that price need not be quite so dear in the years to come.

Peter H. Schuck

Peter H. Schuck is director of Consumers Union's Washington office and the author of *The Judiciary Committee* (Grossman).

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Sixguns and Society
by Will Wright

(University of California Press; $10)

Ever since Henry Nash Smith's *Virgin Land* called attention to the mythic and symbolic dimensions of the American West, the Western—in film and literature—has been a rich lode for scholars and critics. The best commentaries on the genre have revealed both the timeless and the timely in our popular culture. They make us conscious of the Western's classic dimensions, while convincingly demonstrating how the form embodies some of our changing social and cultural concerns. Now, just when the subject seemed mined-out, we get a systematic attempt to redefine the myth: Will Wright's *Sixguns and Society.*

Wright is a man with a method. Armed with the structuralist techniques of Lévi-Strauss and Kenneth Burke's doctrine of symbolic action, he undertakes to identify the essential components of the Western, elaborate their formal relations within the myth, and explain the connections between the myth and American society. No small order.

For Wright, a myth is "a communication from a society to its members." The Western myth is popular because it

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somehow communicates to its audience an acceptable concept of the social order. Since it is the function of myth (as a kind of logic) to mediate or reconcile polarities within a culture, the structure of myth is a structure of oppositions. In the Western these oppositions (good-bad, inside society-outside society, wilderness-civilization) provide the structural framework for the confrontation between the heroes, the villains and society. And because the characters in the narrative are "social types acting out a drama of social order," these confrontations are not simply conflicts of men, but—on the level of symbolic action—conflicts of values. Wright dissects the myth by applying all this critical apparatus to a series of composite plot summaries distilled from the most successful Western films of the past 40 years.

This study focuses in on the origins of the myth, the nature of the Western hero and the function of violence in the myth—all recurring issues in the critical literature on the Western. There is, for example, considerable disagreement among scholars over the source of the Western. André Bazin locates it in the classical and medieval epic, while John A. Williams sees the myth, with its simple morality of good versus evil, as an extension of the Puritan habit of mind. For David Brion Davis the form is a fusion of frontier legends and the romantic myths of the old South. The Western hero is, in turn, a latter-day chivalric knight, an avenging angel, or a composite of the frontiersman and the Southern gentleman. Critics disagree, too, over the social significance of the genre. Robert Warshow wrote that the Western "offers a serious orientation to the problem of violence which can be found nowhere else in our culture." But John Cawelti's more recent study argues that the genre rationalizes and legitimizes certain forms of aggression and violence in American life.

Structural analysis enables us to see these aspects of the Western from a new angle of vision. In *Sixguns and Society* we learn that the myth is spawned by our need to reconcile significant contradictions in our contrapuntal civilization. The nature of the hero changes (particularly in his relations with society) as the narrative structure of the myth adapts itself to the shifting concerns of the culture. And where others see the hero's loneliness as proof of his completeness, Wright perceives the hero's isolation from society to be something more akin to alienation. The author's method also enables him to detect a shift in the function of violence. In the classic Western violence was the way the myth resolved opposing values for us. The violence of more recent Westerns cannot perform that function for us because the heroes and villains no longer stand for opposing values or principles. Now it's the good bad-guys against the bad bad-guys.

Wright's schematization breaks down when he tries to convince us that changes in the myth correspond, in time and structure, to changes in our dominant social institutions. Briefly put, he contends that the classic Western theme, typified by *Shane* and *Duel in the Sun*, corresponded to the individualistic conception of society underlying a market economy. All this changed in the late '50s and early '60s when the "professional" Western emerged as the prevailing form of the myth. *The Professionals, The Wild Bunch* and similar films embodied a new conception of society, one corresponding to the structures and values inherent in a planned economy.

This attempt to relate myth to society is unconvincing because Wright's plot summaries and his socio-economic structures are suspect. However much these abstractions correspond to each other, they do not correspond to the films and the society as we know them. It is here that we detect a certain failure of nerve in *Sixguns and Society*. We are frustrated by the author's reluctance to venture beyond these elaborate "correlations" that explain nothing. What we really want to know is how film and society *connect*.

If movies do somehow connect with social and economic structures, the connection would seem to be most visible in the filmmaking community itself. But the author excludes the "mythmakers" from his analytical scheme. Unlike Lévi-Strauss, who undertook his study of myths with a firm grounding in the nature of kinship structures, Wright never takes into account the lore and customs of tribal Hollywood. An occasional glance at *Variety* (very effective reality therapy for scholars who are inclined to project too much onto the movies) might have given him some second thoughts about whether films are myths at all.

Why not admit that the Western is a commercial formula? This admission doesn't preclude structural analysis of the genre—it simply forces us to take into account the commercial and artistic aspects of the "myth-making" process. The problem for Wright, if he were to confront this issue, is that the facts of Hollywood life undermine his mythology.

In *Sixguns and Society* the author's obtrusive preoccupation with method sometimes creates the impression that the book is about itself—like a Nabokovian novel or a story by Borges. But if this labyrinthine treatise proves anything, it is that methodology is no adequate substitute for practical knowledge and critical insight. And, lacking these qualities, the book's conclusions are questionable. We sense that the author does not reveal the structures inherent in the Western so much as he imposes structure upon the genre.

In coming to terms with this flawed yet challenging book, we come to realize that what we always found so satisfying in the Western was its capacity for ambiguity of meaning within its rigidly conventional form. The irony, of course, is that it is just this quality that Wright's method would eliminate for us. His book calls to mind something Lévi-Strauss wrote in *Tristes Tropiques:* "When we make an effort to understand, we destroy the object of our attachment, substituting another whose nature is quite different."

William Hughes

William Hughes has written for *The Nation, The Baltimore Sun* and various academic publications.

The Nobility of Failure: Tragic Heroes in the History of Japan by Ivan Morris

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $17.95)

Imagine an American historical tradition apotheosizing Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, Jefferson Davis, John Wilkes Booth, William Jennings Bryan, Herbert Hoover, G. Gordon Liddy and "P," not on account of the causes they championed, though that's conceivable, nor on account of the positions they held, but, instead, because of the magnitude of their losses. This history would not be merely the reflection of some quirky romanticist's penchant for mournful errands; to approximate the Japanese tradition so beautifully recounted by

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van Morris, it would have to reflect a ominant national consciousness eaching that in defeat is found real ictory and virtue.

Western myth and reality allow for he noble failure, sometimes as Quixote he woebegone, sometimes as Jeanne l'Arc the God-possessed. But this latter ype, which the Japanese refer to as nanifesting *shinigurui* (death-frenzy), nakes us uneasy. We respect our nartyrs but we don't concentrate our ıational admiration upon eccentrics. Roland had God on his side, but Charlemagne wore the crown.

As the American ("Western") value ystem becomes increasingly scorned by ı growing number of the world's peoples, we are drawn to identify closely vith those few nations which seem to hare our most common denominators: ıigh modernization (and neurosis), extreme reliance on petroleum to main-ain our adored standard of living, and lemocratic institutions. In this category ve naturally number Japan, for whose ost-war success we rightly claim a neasure of praise, and whose ways seem ıow so like our own. Then along comes Yukio Mishima one November day five ears ago, slicing open his belly, after vhich his head is severed by his friend who then disembowels himself and is in urn beheaded). Mishima's gesture is ıttributed carelessly to an aborted ightist challenge to constituted ıuthority, though the real reason for hat ghastly *seppuku* apparently was his lesire to die beautifully, to leave, as he oasted, an attractive corpse, to go out n the style to which his ancestors had ecome so morbidly accustomed. Because we *know* that Japan is so very ike us, we wonder why, even now in the 70s, Japan considers Mishima not a ruitcake or a reactionary fanatic but an mbodiment of the most respected ehavior pattern of its history.

Columbia University Professor Morris, a preeminent analyst and translator of Japanese literature and culture, here produces what might, save for some easily gapped lacunae, serve as the English-language version of the *Japanese* history of Japan: the story as the Japanese best like it told, from the vantage point of defeat, the story of the sort of man "whose single-minded sincerity will not allow him to make the manoeuvres and compromises that are so often needed for mundane sucess . . . [who,] flinging himself after his painful destiny . . . defies the dictates of convention and common sense, until eventually he is worsted by his enemy, the 'successful survivor,' who by his ruthless realistic politics manages to impose a new, more stable order on the world."

Such is the recurring theme of this panoramic sweep across 1500 years. Like the 12th-century Yoshitsune, the "tragic heroes" upon whom Morris concentrates—the four who preceded him, the four individuals who followed, and the thousands of suicidalists whose World War II sacrifice provide material for the concluding chapter—all shared those qualities so foreign to Western imagination. They fought for fey causes; in the exploits for which they are worshipfully remembered they did nothing tangible and positive to advance the course of civilization; and all but one died by their own hands, of their own free choice.

Common to these men was their exemplification of *makoto*, roughly (and insufficiently) translated as "sincerity," and reminiscent of More's conception of the grace he sought to "set thys worlde at noughte." Daidoji Shigesuke, a samurai scholar, writes that "one's way of dying can validate one's entire life." Add *makoto* to intransigence to the truly doomed cause, top it off with a properly violent, painful and lingering death, and one has exemplified *bushido*, "the way of the warrior," which is finally revealed in the act of dying. Since, in the Japanese view, the most hideous end for a warrior comes through capture and execution by the loathed enemy, suicide is much to be preferred; indeed it is *essential* to bring the life lived well to its perfect termination. It mattered not in the least that these demigods of legend and history were appallingly naive, that they could in most instances have served their country better by surviving longer, that the faith defended by the Christian martyr-zealot Amakusa Shiro was utterly bizarre to the overwhelming majority of his countrymen, that they were sometimes led into their final rebellion by flukes or the ill-considered hot-headedness of their devotees; what mattered—what matters still—is that they were pure of heart.

Morris wisely merges legend with documented fact, revealing a deeper concern for the Japanese *attitude* toward these men than for the literal truth of their sometimes murky careers. His first character, Prince Yamato Takeru, is almost entirely the creation of myth, the perfect *ur*-hero who set the pattern for those who came after. Most of these men were obsessively devoted to what they perceived as the emperor's cause—like Mishima, who named his paramilitary band of young swaggerers the Shield Society, in direct imitation of the sixth-century hero Yorozu, who thought of himself as "the emperor's shield." In many instances they were, in our terms, fanatics, as indifferent to the havoc they caused in service of their precious crusades as are those who in our time slaughter obstructionists, and innocents, for abstract concepts.

Of all the tales in this consistently fascinating, elegantly written book, none is so poignant as that of the kamikaze fighters of World War II. Although this episode is the most proximate to us, and the most remarked in Western literature, it remains the strangest, and in Morris' version the most compelling. Contrary to Western myth (or wish), these young men were not dragged unwillingly to their end; they were in every sense true volunteers who wept bitterly if not accepted for their mission, who despised (and later sometimes killed) themselves if frustrated in their nobly feckless errands of self-destruction. Few were comforted by any promise of a glorious afterlife. More often than not, they believed that with death everything would end for them, that their attacks on American ships and better-armed soldiers would in no way affect the war's outcome, and that many would die totally missing their mark, inflicting damage on no one but themselves. Still, the flower of young Japanese manhood, many of them students of the humanities yanked out of college before they had tasted life, joyfully offered themselves up by the thousands. They died for the emperor, for Japan, modern exemplars of the samurai tradition, inheritors of an ethos virtually incomprehensible to any other people.

David Brudnoy

David Brudnoy, an American and Asian historian, is a syndicated columnist and a commentator on Boston's WNAC-TV and WGBH-TV.

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The Mind of America, 1820-1860 by Rush Welter

(Columbia Univ. Press; $14.95)

Do not mock us with the vain assurance of the honor and probity of a President, nor remind us of the confidence which we ought to repose in his imagined virtues. The pervading principle of our system of Government—of all free governments—is not merely the possibility, but the absolute certainty of infidelity and treachery with even the highest functionary of the State. . . .

Even if the language is a trifle dated, the warning is contemporary enough. The words are those of no leftist rabble-rouser, but, in fact, good establishmentarian Henry Clay. When he spoke them in 1840, the sentiment was no aberration, not even sour grapes over his own repeated failure to win the presidency. Rather they are only the slightest exaggeration of the common wisdom of the age.

That such an opinion should be expressed by Clay is unusual, even startling. He was a Whig, an heir to the Federalist-Hamiltonian vision of a powerful nation, guided by a strong executive branch. His contribution was the American plan, a rather orderly vision of tariffs, bounties and internal improvements meant to encourage and shape national growth. Theoretically Clay should have called for trust in the executive. Instead he sounds like the most radical Democratic advocate of states rights.

Some insight into Clay's stance can be found in *The Mind of America*, a study of the four decades before the Civil War. Historian Rush Welter believes this era to be the one which "gave the United States its distinctive character and direction . . . (and) provided us with the social imperatives we still honor as well as the errors we now contend against." His work does much to substantiate the idea.

A major characteristic of this middle period of American history was a widening of opportunity in political, social and economic life. The shaky experiment in constitutionalism that the Founding Fathers had undertaken seemed to be succeeding, and after the War of 1812 essentially severed ties with Europe, Americans turned inward to exploit their own continent. Suffrage was becoming universal, labor unions beginning to appear and widespread reform movements of schools, prisons and personal behavior (temperance, communalism) flourished. In politics, the party convention was replacing the congressional caucus as a way of selecting presidential candidates.

Oddly—or logically?—enough, while social opportunities grew, the realm of ideas shrank. Welter clearly shows how Americans at opposite ends of the ideological spectrum (Whig-conservatives and Democrat-liberals, though the terms are hardly precise) came to use the same vocabulary of social discourse. Because words are the categories through which we think (and act), the result was a kind of American mind, a set of beliefs which almost everyone could accept. In many cases people with originally disparate aims began to agree on common programs.

Education provides a good example of this. Conservatives saw schools as a way of inculcating ideas of morality and liberty, and thus as a means of checking the headlong flight of the Jacksonian age toward equality. Democrats, initially suspicious of the elitest premises of education, began to feel that schools could teach the valuable lesson of support for popular rights, for equality. Both groups could join in plans for spreading and reforming public education.

Support for schools may be praiseworthy, but there were less healthy aspects to homogenizing beliefs. Conservatives abandoned the idea that society was an organism, with it corollary that the rich had some respor sibility to those less fortunate. Liberal began to accept the idea of man as a economic creature whose worth wa determined by monetary rather tha moral or spiritual success. In general th middle period saw society as no mor than a collection of individual atom joined only by economic competitior This meant government should b strictly limited so that political an economic liberty could flourish un hampered. Nowhere was there th recognition that economic liberty fo some might interfere with the politica liberty of others. The whole world-viev later provided a marvelous rationale fo industrial capitalism.

The aim of *The Mind of America* is no to explain later developments, but t explore "the social beliefs and opinion of one generation." Interested in th popular mind rather than the theories o intellectuals, the author has done prodigious research in pamphlets, sermons, political speeches and magazines One unfortunate result is a volume tha tells more about the middle period thar almost anyone will wish to know. The general argument is drowned in a flooc of lengthy and rather repetitious quotations that will interest only the specialist, and the downplaying of the crucial economic, social and political events of these years may leave the non-historian with the feeling that the Civil War resulted largely from a clash of rhetoric. (Indeed Welter does see that conflict as a consequence of "various intellectual phenomena.")

Ultimately the most important legacy of that age may be its view of history, the belief that "the large-scale historic process . . . had stopped when American democracy was born." This implied that the future could only be seen "in terms of remaining true to the achievements of the past." Once you achieve a state of perfection there is obviously little need for new ideas. The lack of general American acceptance of new political or social visions, the fact that even our reform movements must always speak in terms of recapturing the freedoms of the past, is in part another heritage of the middle period.

Robert A. Rosenstone

Robert A. Rosenstone teaches history at California Institute of Technology. His most recent book is *Romantic Revolutionary: A Biography of John Reed* (Knopf).

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Reconsideration

Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy by Joseph Schumpeter

(Harper Torchbook; $3.25)

Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy was first published in 1942 and has since gained the authority of prediction. I think it only half exaggerated to say that although its author died just after World War II the book can tell us more about the past 15 years than the unrelieved experience of having lived through them. Some books, like those of Rousseau, open up periods of feeling and conception. Others, among which this belongs, reflect on their endings. This ending concerns the life of democracy among the middle class.

Anyone who has thought about modern life has necessarily concentrated on the powers of the industrial state. Until our present disappointment that the state cannot achieve ends once ascribed to heredity and environment those powers were taken quite seriously. In defense of our system it was said that we could accomplish anything, even (especially) in the realm of values; the radical position was that the state had criminally failed to improve political or even existential conditions. In that sense, Marcuse shared with the victims of Sinclair Lewis the fallacy that the middle class was in control, that it did in fact shape its own political and moral ends. But Schumpeter, with extraordinary and frigid realism had long since observed the passivity of middle-class leadership, its vulnerability to style as it sought to escape from class, its dependence on media for values; in short the great transfer of responsibility for cultural life from those with economic power to those with power of another kind. In his view political power does not derive from economic success:

> *The Stock Exchange is a poor substitute for the Holy Grail . . . economic leadership of this type does not readily expand, like the medieval lord's military leadership, into the leadership of nations . . . I have called the bourgeois rationalist and unheroic. He can only use rationalist and unheroic means to defend his position or to bend a nation to his will. He can impress by what people may expect from his economic performance, he can argue his case, he can promise to pay out money or threaten to withhold it, he can hire the treacherous services of a* condottiere *or politician or journalist. But that is all and all of it is greatly overrated as to its political value . . . the bourgeois class is ill equipped to face the problems both domestic and international that have normally to be faced by a country of any importance.*

He accounts as few others can for the observable fact that bourgeois society offers little resistance to opposed cultural force. Resistance in values varies directly with the strength of local institutions and inversely with that of personal liberation. Our society has done what it can to weaken the former and enhance the latter. Inhibiting institutions have been dissolved into their present misty forms because freedom from constraint is a first condition of enterprise. But that freedom is not directed toward another form of stability; it has undermined middle-class life with the same evenhandedness with which it once destroyed manorial farms or outmoded rates of interest.

Freedom to innovate recognizes no final condition, which is why radicalism inevitably becomes reactionary. Not only is everything subject to change but change itself assimilates moral meanings. So that middle-class culture lives always in duress, ashamed, convinced that it has not legitimately arrived at a stage of development secure from the criticism of its own methods. At first this was novel and salutory—"the bourgeois finds to his amazement that the rationalist attitude does not stop at the credentials of kings and popes but goes on to attack private property and the whole scheme of bourgois values"—but it is of course intolerable for everyday life. Our own sense of temporality makes medieval otherworldliness look sane and persuasive.

Some of the best parts of *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy* are the descriptive passages. Our own language of public discourse is full of cant. After a decade of fakery it is good to hear that differences between individuals are not to be suppressed or improved (the reference is not to race but to productivity and its norms) by any system. And it is useful if sad to be reminded that increased equality has foreclosed moral authority—even while making more likely the alternative of simple force. Thematically the book is elegaic, perhaps the best account outside of Balzac of how the middle class made its own conditions of life and then watched them disappear: "as its colors fade it is all the more important to recognize how colorful it was in the time of its vitality; how wide *and equal* the opportunities it offered to the families (if not to the individuals); how large the personal freedom it granted to those who passed its tests." An exequy for a society that almost managed to ennoble its material life.

No book can be appraised only on the grounds that its language is clear; its sense of human motivations disinterested; and its powers of description and extrapolation infused with good sense. Without a central meaning Schumpeter would, like Clarendon, remain a superbly informed chronicler; an economist who became civilized. What matters is whether he was right. I think he was. His conception of democratic evolution has on the whole been realized. If it hasn't, then what do the daily newspapers talk about? There is not a dead issue in this book: on the contrary his statements on the resentment of intellectual life; on the limits of education and the problem it raises of employability; the effects of inflation on democracy; the danger to our system posed by constituent politics; and I think most important of all, the problem of "vested interest in social unrest," *i.e.*, the media equivalent of marketplace commodities, persuade us of the second criterion of literary importance, that a book shall have stood the test of time.

There is no sense in being less rational than the author: freedom for change and the passion for equality have usefully shaped our civilization. They have also inflated expectations and budgets to the point of denial of both natural and economic limits. Schumpeter intended to investigate the distance these modes might travel and the oppositions they might cause. In general he foresaw a movement from more to less political democracy—accompanied by the claims that social and personal rights were being enhanced. He saw the decline of local authority and surmised that the

CORRECTION

The end of the first paragraph of Benjamin Dunlap's review of *A Southern Album* (*TNR*, Dec. 13) should have read: "The notion of ineluctable tradition, until recently so pervasive in Southern letters, is a powerful idea; but it ought to be distinguished from recycling history for profit."

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family itself would no longer function as a social force. He found it inevitable that cultural life would relentlessly seek standards which could never reproach the values of equality. And he foresaw an era of imposed authority which would occur in the name of both freedom and equality.

In at least one other respect, the development of the Third World, he was accurate. The compression of its history—from chartered democracies to military socialism in a single generation—suggests a laboratory version of his theory. But it was essentially of the West that he wrote; and its experience in that generation seems also to have borne him out. The loss of legitimacy was for him a central fact of modern life, overshadowing merely material change. The general assumption of intellectual life in this country has been plainly that democracy is the present form of the *ancien régime*. Schumpeter thought that we tended to accept this because it was, after all, the great theme of intellectual life. As for its truth, he suggested that a society which does not need reform can hardly confer upon its critics the satisfactions and advantages of change. It would be altogether in the capricious nature of history if we should undergo a change of heart, and come in another generation to laugh at our assumptions, as posterity certainly will. But if Schumpeter was right, then there is no reason for a society without imperatives to prolong itself, and the Bicentennial begins with the search for what we thought we had, a reason for being what we are.

Ronald Berman

Ronald Berman is chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Correspondence

Faint Praise

To the editors:

John Osborne quoted Goldwater ("Jerry's Guys," *TNR*, Nov. 15) as asking the President what qualified Don Rumsfeld to be Secretary of Defense and as being told by Ford in reply: "He was a fighter pilot in the Korean war." That exchange vividly brings to mind a live television press conference with the onetime unconsciously comedic Los Angeles mayor, Sam Yorty, who had appointed Rudy Vallee traffic commissioner (subject to city council approval).

When asked why he thought Mr. Vallee was qualified to be traffic commissioner of the US city with the greatest number of cars, Yorty replied, "well, uh, Mr. Vallee, uh, is around 70 years old and has spent most of his life driving."

Dick Pettit
Laguna Beach, California

William O. Douglas

To the editors:

In response to Nathan Lewin's perceptive article, "Vacancy on the Court: William O. Douglas" (*TNR*, Nov. 20) the author does a superb job of capsuling the judicial contributions of Mr. Justice Douglas. Although I do not agree with his skeptical appraisal of Douglas, the man, the article skillfully captures the dignity and integrity of this extraordinary individual—his fidelity to the law, his respect for human rights, and his commitment to a better world. Recalling to mind that wise exhortation "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity," Mr. Justice Douglas can look with pride at his service on the Court, knowing that because of him, this nation and its people have begun to learn the lesson that "where law ends tyranny begins."

Jeffrey M. Ellio
Miami, Florida

A Partial Truth

To the editors:

If Professor Rose wishes to construct a "Hortense" portrait out of my words—failing her own, it would seem—she's welcome to the piecework, but quoting dishonestly out of context is another matter (*TNR*, Oct. 25).

She says: "As Calisher says in *Herself* "when you write under the likelihood that a magazine will take your work, you will not be able to prevent taking your tone from it" and then proceeds: "Reading the *Collected Stories* you can identify the wry sophistication . . . of *The New Yorker* stories" . . . etc., as if the quote from me is an admission rather than a warning. May I quote the context?

"In the end . . . I stopped writing for (*The Reporter*) . . . partly I did so because of its politics on the Vietnam war; I couldn't see appearing even in the Views-and-Reviews back section of a magazine saying what it was saying on the editorial front ones—which now had that rank flavor of the libertarian gone authoritarian. But I was also beginning to feel what I had almost begun to know at *The New Yorker*. When you write under the likelihood that a magazine will take your work, you will not be able to prevent taking your tone from it. No publication can avoid this, but it makes for stronger magazines than it does writers."

The above reference to *The New Yorker*, which of course I never wrote "for," in turn relates to other passages in *Herself* which recount how quickly I learned that I could and must write only for myself. "It was the time when New York City feared Russian bombing. My story (of Westchester under totalitarian rule) was . . . rejected on the grounds that the magazine wished to do nothing to contribute to that fear. I replied with a

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tter of protest suggesting their obligation to print what they had so highly raised . . . And indeed the story was ter printed . . . their delay and soul-earching being in a way a credit to their . . conviction that the pen is or can be— sword. I agreed with them . . . (and) everal times wrote to tell them so. The urden . . . was 'It has to be *my* sword.'"

Professor Rose asks further, "Can a world which rations its fuel and nastens its cuisine afford a retainer who dines on her charm?" I wouldn't now how to *chasten* a cuisine, God help ne. Possibly you beat it about the uttocks with a piece of skin from its eck.

Hortense Calisher
New York, New York

n reply:

nsofar as any quotation is a part of the whole, it is a partial truth. That is not to ay it is a lie. Whether "warning" or admission," Calisher's observation bout writing for a known audience heds light on the portrait which, I epeat, is fully discernible in the *Collected tories.*

I used Webster's second stipulated neaning for "chasten": "to restrain from xcess."

Ellen Cronan Rose

Spirit of 76,000

To the editors:

Philip Terzian's swipe at the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees ("Of Broken Hips and Garbage Men," *TNR*, Nov. 29) for supporting Frank Rizzo's reelection is cheap and inappropriate. There is no question that AFSCME, like a great many other institutions and individuals in Philadelphia, disapproved of much that Mayor Rizzo had done as police chief and mayor in Philadelphia. But elections almost always produce a winner, and citizens who vote must choose from the candidates who seek office. In the Phildelphia mayor's race, the choice was not a particularly happy one. Mayor Rizzo's labor relations policies have been, by and large, decent, however, and it was, I suppose, on that basis that the Executive Board of AFSCME Council 33 chose him over the other two candidates. Since Rizzo won by a margin of some 76,000 votes, other Philadelphians seemed also to consider him the best of the bunch.

Terzian mocks AFSCME as a "liberal 'model of vitality and democracy.'" But democracy is democracy, even when *The New Republic* doesn't agree with its product.

William W. Hamilton, Jr.
Assistant to the President
AFSCME

Geography Lesson

To the editors:

Michael Novak's psychoanalysis (*TNR*, Nov. 22) of my motivations in writing *Time Toward Home: The American Experiment as Revelation* is, no matter how uninformed by personal knowledge, not without interest.

Less surprising by now is his little ethnic excursus on the characteristics of German Lutherans. Novak is no doubt above being distressed by the observation that two of the three examples he offers are not German Lutherans. Martin Marty is quite insistent about his being Swiss, and Jaroslav Pelikan is emphatically Slavic. The latter heritage, I seem to have read somewhere, Novak also claims for himself.

Richard John Neuhaus
Senior Editor
Worldview

In reply:

I did not psychoanalyze the motivations of the Rev. Neuhaus. I did try to locate the roots, altogether admirable, of what he calls "American." I was not writing about genetics; I was describing cultural history. Pelikan, like myself, is Slovak, but his being Lutheran and my being Catholic has placed us under quite different cultural traditions. Martin Marty, who transcends all categories, is Swiss Lutheran, rather than Swiss Calvinist, and to be "Lutheran" is to benefit from an important cultural lineage, German in origin. It is no small advantage in American religious life to have one foot outside the Anglo-Saxon Calvinist cultural inheritance, even while making it one's own. My esteem for the Lutheran tradition is great. Neuhaus tends to make it a little more normative than he ought.

Michael Novak

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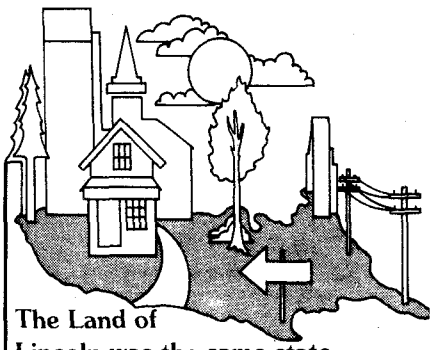

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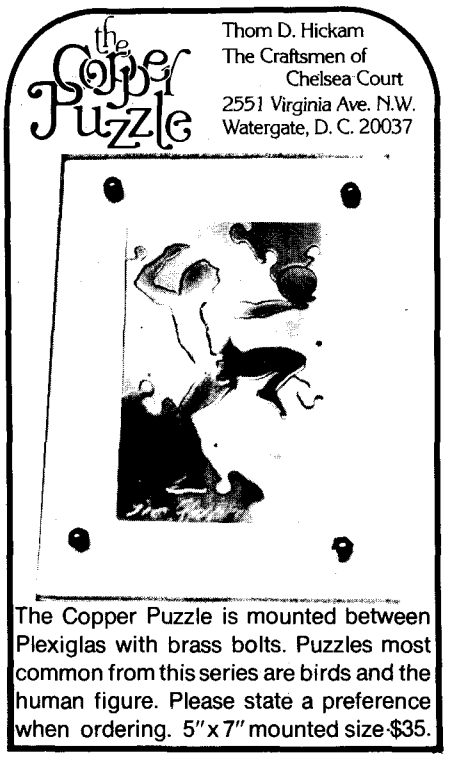

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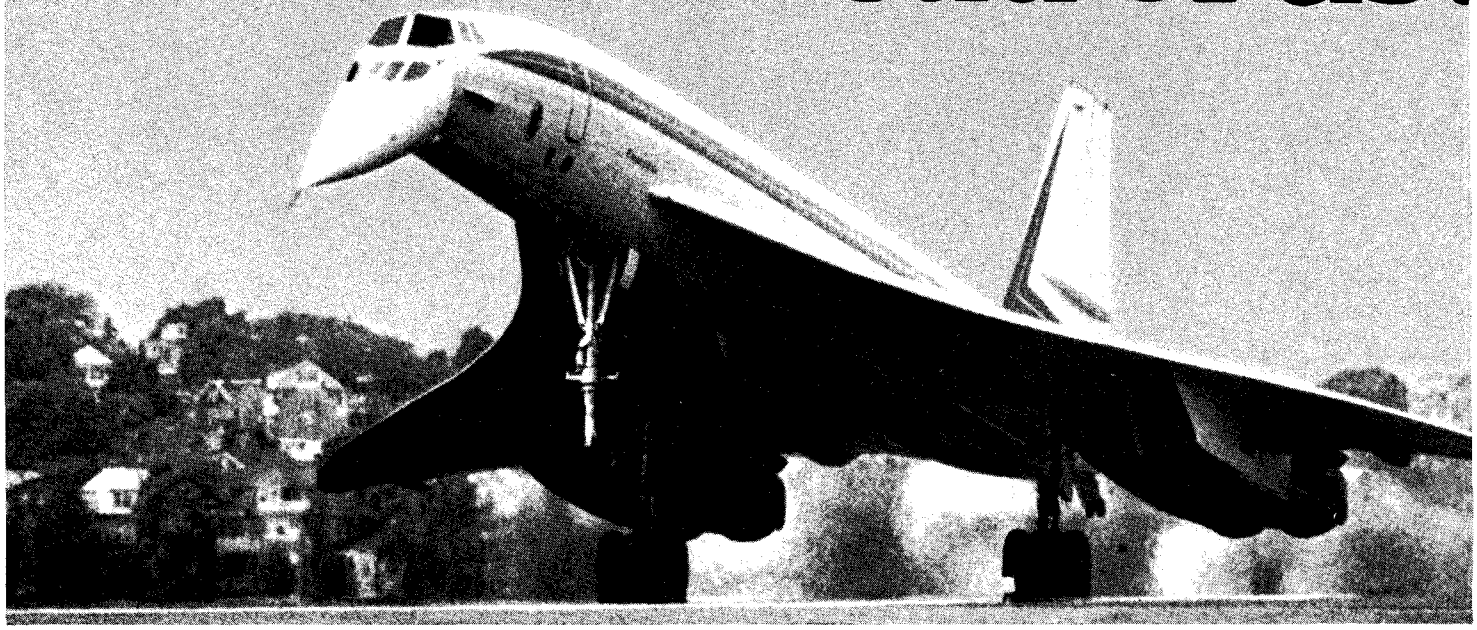

In Britain, television watchers will soon be tuning in to an electronic newspaper which will allow them to read the news on their TV screens.

In France, the government now has a Secretary of State for the Condition of Women.

In Germany, there's a plan to place workers at the center of economic decision making by requiring that labor is represented on the boards of industrial corporations.

In Denmark, the ballet is so well subsidized that it is said the "artists and staff positively bask in tax money."

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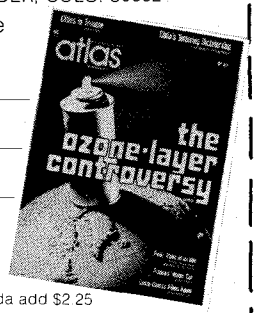

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